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THE GREATEST BANK IN AMERICA.

By J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A., LL.B.

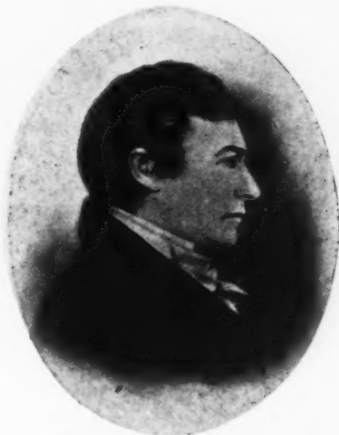
IT is one of the curious reversals of human judgment that the very business which to-day, beyond cavil, holds the highest place as to dignity and influence in the world of commerce had its origin in obloquy, and was at the outset regarded as fit to be carried on only by the despised and ill-treated Jews.

They were the first bankers—they drew the first bill of exchange, and to them we unquestionably owe that marvellous system of banking and exchange which during its steady growth from small beginnings has contributed more than any other cause to the development of the world's resources.

Exposed as they were to the envy, malice, and hatred of the people, and to the conscienceless cupidity of financially embarrassed sovereigns, the poor Jews had to walk very warily, and to keep their capital in the form least likely to attract attention, and most easily convertible into money. But, as the times grew more enlightened, and this persecuted people came to enjoy equal rights with their Christian brethren, they rapidly extended their operations from being mere money-changers and pawnbrokers to the actual conduct of banking. In this they had, of course, many imitators, and thus it came about that the business of money lending and transmitting grew to such importance and honour as to be deemed worthy the active interest of the best men in the land.

The financial history of Canada can hardly be called a lengthy one, but it has many points of interest, beginning as it did with the simplest conditions of barter, followed by so crude a currency as moose and beaver skins, not to mention brandy, thence developing through the card-money of New France and the Army Bills of the British conquerors into a bank-notes system practically similar to what is now in vogue.

The retirement by the British Government after the close of the war of 1812 of the Army Bills issued to meet the expenses of that war, which had



JOHN GRAY, ESQ.

First President Montreal Bank 1817-1820.

proved so great a convenience, was the direct cause of the establishment of the Bank of Montreal, which accordingly enjoys the double distinction of being the oldest as well as the largest financial institution of the Dominion.

It was, presumably, early in May, 1817, that a number of the leading merchants of Montreal entered into articles of association for the formation of a bank. These articles were published in the *Montreal Herald* of May 22nd, but as no copy of that paper is now obtainable, no copy of the articles was supposed to exist. About two years ago Mr. Jas. Bain, jr., of the Toronto Public Library, picked up a small pamphlet containing them. This is the only printed copy known to be in existence. Unfortunately there is no date on the book, and the record was thus incomplete. During the present year, through the researches of the editor of this magazine, the original articles and stock book were discovered in the archives of the Bank, though the book was thought to be lost. This valuable book,

the first page of which is reproduced herewith, as well as the first page of the newly discovered printed pamphlet, shows that the stock lists were opened on June 23rd. As the articles required that thirty days' notice should be given in four provincial newspapers before the subscriptions could be accepted, we have the second piece of evidence showing that the original articles must have been drawn up in May.

It will be noticed that the articles of association in the original were signed by nine men. The first of these is John Richardson, of the firm of Forsyth, Richardson & Co. This firm is the first in the list of subscribers taking twenty shares for themselves, twenty for John Richardson, twenty for Inglis, Ellice & Co., of

London, England, and ten for William Allen, Esq., of York (Toronto). The second signator is George Garden, of Maitland, Garden & Auldjo, the firm taking twenty shares, and each of the three partners as many more for himself. The third signator is George Moffatt, who, judging from the sub-

Articles
OF
ASSOCIATION
OF THE
MONTREAL BANK.

To All to whom these Presents shall Come ;

BE it known and made manifest, that we, the Subscribers, have formed an Association or limited Co-partnership, and do hereby agree with each other, to conduct Banking Business in the manner hereinafter specified and described, by and under the name or style of

The Montreal Bank ;

And we do hereby mutually covenant, declare and agree, that the following are and shall be the fundamental Articles of this our Association and Agreement with each other, by which we, and all persons who at any time hereafter may transact business with the said Company, shall be bound and regulated.

A First

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF PAMPHLET CONTAINING ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION AND RULES AND REGULATIONS OF MONTREAL BANK. THIS WAS PRINTED ABOUT AUGUST, 1817, AND THE ONLY COPY KNOWN TO EXIST IS IN POSSESSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

London, England, and ten for William Allen, Esq., of York (Toronto). The second signator is George Garden, of Maitland, Garden & Auldjo, the firm taking twenty shares, and each of the three partners as many more for himself. The third signator is George Moffatt, who, judging from the sub-

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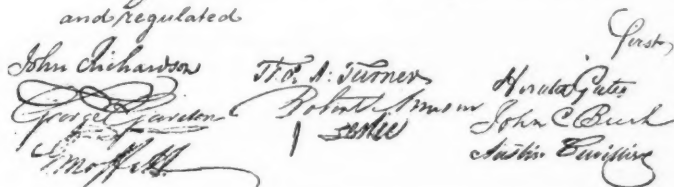
Articles of Association of the Montreal Bank.

To all to whom these Presents shall come,

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First,

 John Richardson, Thos. J. Turner, Hercules Pate,
 George Gardon, Robert Mowbray, John C. Burck,
 Joseph M. Mowbray, John C. Burck,
 John C. Burck

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF BOOK ENTITLED "ORIGINAL ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION AND SUBSCRIPTION" RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL. THIS BOOK CONTAINS THE ORIGINAL STOCK SUBSCRIPTIONS, NEARLY THREE HUNDRED NAMES IN ALL, AND THEIR DATES, PREFACED BY THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION. EACH OF THE TWENTY PAGES OF THE LATTER IS SIGNED BY THE SAME NINE GENTLEMEN.



HORATIO GATES, ESQ.
Third President 1826.



THE HON. JOHN MOLSON.
Fourth President 1826-1835.

scription list, was acting in this matter for Gerrard, Gillespie & Co. Samuel Gerrard of this firm was the second President. The fourth signator, and, according to the lists, an important gentleman, was Thomas A. Turner. The fifth and sixth, Robert Armour and James Leslie, do not figure strongly in the lists. The seventh, Horatio Gates, was equal in importance with the first four, and afterwards succeeded Mr. Gerrard as President. John C. Bush and Austin Cuvillier were not heavy subscribers. It would be interesting to know just what circumstances and what ambitions drew these nine men together.

The capital was limited to £250,000 currency*, divided into 5,000 shares of £50 each. The stock-book opened on June 23rd, as has been stated, and on that day 1,227 shares were subscribed. The subscriptions came in very slowly after that, and it was not until September 20th that the last of the 5,000 shares was taken. On Monday, November 3rd, the bank opened for business with £87,500 paid up. It was no

* In Canadian or Halifax currency the pound was equal to four dollars. This currency was established for the Province of Canada by an Ordinance of 1767.

small undertaking in those days to float a Canadian company with a capital of £250,000. A considerable portion of the capital was subscribed in Boston, New York, Middleton (Conn.), Walpole (N. H.), and some also in Glasgow and London.

The first meeting of the directors was held on August 7th. The minutes of this meeting are still in the possession of the bank.

The first location of the bank was in a building on St. Paul Street, where a modest suite of offices was rented for £150 per annum, and a staff of three, cashier, accountant, and teller, installed to meet the demands of the public. John Gray was the first president, and Robert Griffin the first cashier.

How greatly the mercantile community needed the facilities afforded by the bank, and how admirably it provided them, is made clear by the wonderfully rapid growth of the paid-up capital.

Starting with \$350,000, in two years it had to be increased to \$650,000, and the next year to \$750,000. In 1829 it rose to \$850,000; in 1841 to \$2,000,000; in 1855 to \$4,000,000; in 1860 to \$6,000,000; and in 1873 to \$12,000,000, at which it now stands, being



THE HON. PETER MCGILL.
Fifth President 1835-1860.



T. B. ANDERSON, ESQ.
Sixth President 1860-1869.

the largest possessed by any bank on the American continent.

Although thus organized and in operation in 1817, it was not until 1821 that the Legislature granted the charter for which application had been made without delay, and a year later still ere the royal assent was given.

But the solid men of Montreal did not allow formalities like these to stand in their way. They went right in for business at once, and as the rapid growth of paid-up capital mentioned above shows, the commercial public made haste to avail themselves of the advantages afforded.

Of course, the Bank of Montreal was not allowed to have the field to itself very long.* The Quebec Bank, still a staunch and prosperous institution, was founded in the following year, and a little later other banks were established, in Upper Canada, at Kingston,

Toronto and Hamilton; while in the Maritime Provinces, Halifax and St. John did likewise, so that within the next ten years the country was fairly well supplied with banks.

The charters granted to these banks were very similar in their provisions. That granted to the Bank of Montreal may be taken as the type of them all. Indeed, very many of their provisions were subsequently included almost verbatim in the General Banking Act passed after Confederation.

Among the principal provisions of the charter of the Bank of Montreal were the following:—

1. The charter was to continue for ten years.
2. The directors were to be British subjects; to hold not less than four shares of stock; not to engage in private banking, and to be remunerated only by vote at the annual meeting.
3. The directors were to appoint the officers of the bank, and to take surety bonds for faithful performance of duty. They were to declare dividends when profits were earned, as often as half-yearly. They must not in paying dividends encroach on the capital. They were obliged to submit a detailed statement of the bank's position to the

* It is interesting to note that the Bank of Montreal, at an early stage in its history, realized the advantage of having direct representation in Upper Canada, but being legally incapable of establishing an office of its own there, it arranged in 1838 to purchase The Bank of the People, which had not been a particularly prosperous institution, and worked under its name until the restrictions against direct agencies were removed.



E. H. KING, ESQ.

Seventh President 1869-1873—General Manager 1863-1869.



DAVID TORRANCE, ESQ.

Eighth President 1873-1876.

shareholders at each annual meeting.

4. The bank might receive deposits, deal in bills of exchange, discount notes, buy coin and bullion, etc., but might not engage in other business than banking.

5. It could not lend money directly upon real property, but could take such as further security for loans already made. It could not lend money to a foreign country.

6. It could issue notes to circulate as money up to the general limit for all such obligations.

7. The Government might require at any time for the protection of the public a statement under oath of the position of the bank.

As has been pointed out by a well-informed writer on our Banking System, it is not difficult to understand how it came to pass that Canadian banks followed United States models rather than the English, since the commerce of early Canada was for the most part intimately connected with that of New York.

The banks at the start were largely employed in financing the lumbering and fur industries, which were then the principal items of the export trade, and it was not long before the chief im-

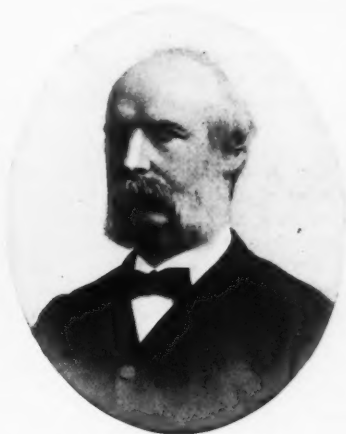
porting merchants began to gather at Montreal. As the settlement of the country progressed, these merchants were the suppliers of the traders and storekeepers in the country districts, who in their turn provided for the wants of the settler, having to allow him long credit and take their payment not in money but in the produce of the farm and the forest. This produce was then forwarded to Montreal in settlement of the trader's account, and the city merchant shipped it across the ocean or the border to the best market.

It was these merchants who made the business of the Bank of Montreal in those early days. They drew bills of exchange on England against their shipments. They remitted through the banks payment for the goods which they imported, and they borrowed from the bank ready money where-with their customers, the traders, might pay cash to the farmer and lumberman, and thus facilitate the progress and development of commerce.

At an early period in its history the Bank of Montreal, by opening a branch in Quebec, inaugurated the policy which has been so successfully pursued of establishing branches throughout



LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN.
Ninth President 1876-1881.



C. F. SMITHERS, ESQ.
Tenth President 1881-1887—General-Manager 1879-1881.

the country at important or promising points, until now the total of such branches falls little short of fifty. In addition thereto the bank has agencies outside of Canada, having opened one in New York in 1859, in Chicago in 1861, and in London, England, in 1870, in order to meet the need for direct representation at those strategical financial centres. These agencies do a considerable business and facilitate the handling of that portion of the Bank's Reserves carried outside Canada.

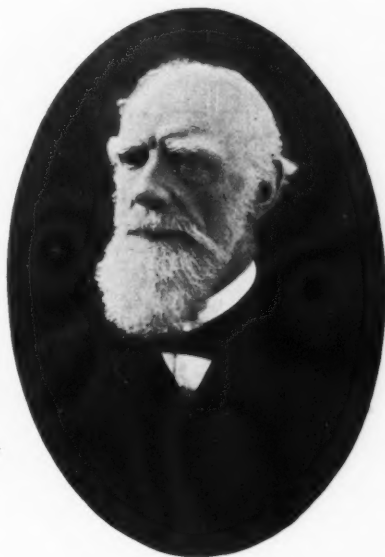
This branch system, which may be called a distinguishing feature of Canadian banking in general, has undoubtedly proved of signal ser-

vice in the development of business as well as highly advantageous to the shareholders of the banks, furnishing, as it has done, complete banking facilities to places

where a local bank could hardly have been founded.

It is pleasing to know that the enterprise of the founders of the Bank of Montreal did not have to wait long for a tangible reward, as in the first full year of its history (1819), a dividend at the satisfactory rate of 8 per cent. was declared, and from that time forward, with the exception of the years 1827 and 1828,*

* "The colony was extremely dependent upon the Mother Country, and when crises or commercial disturbances occur



LORD STRATHCONA.
Eleventh President 1887-1900.

dividends ranging from 6 per cent. to 16 per cent. have been paid until the past few years when the regular rate of dividend has been 10 per cent.

The far-seeing financial wisdom of the founders of the bank is illustrated in the fact that concurrent with the payment of dividends began the accumulation of a Rest. The fluctuations of this Rest or Surplus, constituting as it does so much additional capital whereon no dividends have to be paid, but which, nevertheless, has the same

\$7,000,000, not including nearly half a million dollars of undivided profits.

The advantages of the Rest have been many and great throughout the history of the bank. It has stood the institution in good stead during times of depression, and with its present vast proportions now constitutes the best of all barriers against the possibility of financial impairment.

The remarkable prosperity which the Bank of Montreal has enjoyed almost without a break, and its long-continued



BANK OF MONTREAL—A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST SHEET OF THE ROYAL CHARTER GRANTED BY KING WILLIAM IV. IN 1837.

earning power as the actual capital, reveal in an interesting way the ups and downs inseparable from the experience of a financial institution, for we find the figures rising from \$4,168 to \$107,084 and then falling to \$31,360. After 1860, however, when \$740,000 was reached, there has been no decline, and it now stands at the handsome total of

red in England Canada suffered sorely. A striking indication of this dependence is the fact that for two years after the disastrous English collapse of 1825 the Bank of Montreal

immunity from anything approaching disaster cannot, of course, be considered in the light of luck, but rather as convincing evidences of the signal ability and caution with which its affairs have been administered.

Mr. John Gray, the first President, who held office from 1817 to 1820, began well, and the careful regime he

was obliged to pass its dividends owing to losses in merchants' exchange incurred in the panic year."—*Breckenridge's Canadian Banking System*, p. 37.

inaugurated was faithfully carried out by his successor, Mr. Samuel Gerrard, who filled the presidential chair until 1826. Mr. Gerrard was emphatically one of the foremost men of his time, among the honourable offices held by him being those of President of the Savings Bank, Treasurer of the Hospital, Director of the Montreal Library,

reign of the Hon. Peter McGill began which lasted until 1860. Both Mr. Molson and Mr. McGill were men of much prominence in public affairs, who rendered invaluable service to their city and country. Mr. Molson was actively interested in the beginnings of the steamship enterprise. His son, of the same name, was President of the



BANK OF MONTREAL—TWO OF ITS EARLIEST BILLS—THE FIRST WAS SIGNED ON OCT. 10TH, 1817, IS NO. 1154 AND IS THE OLDEST BILL NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE BANK.

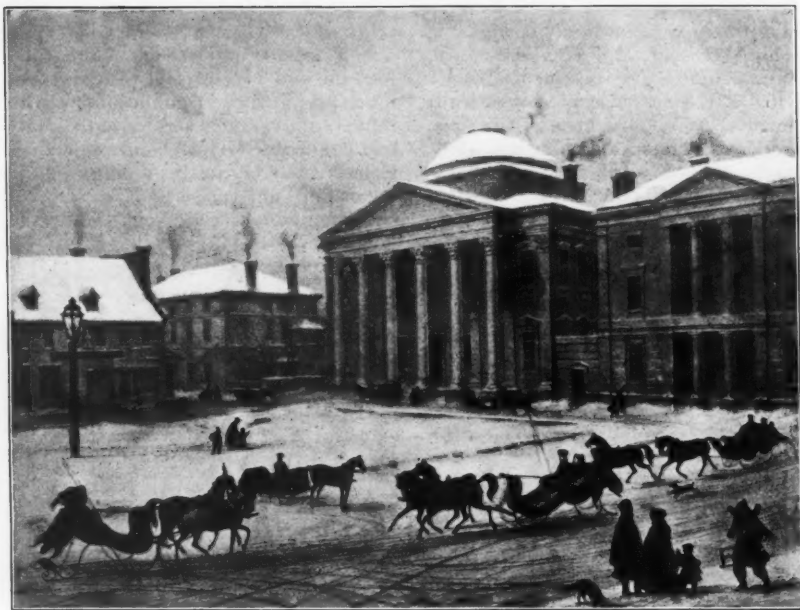
THE SECOND, ISSUED IN 1861, SHOWS THE CHANGE FROM "MONTREAL BANK" TO "BANK OF MONTREAL," AND ALSO SHOWS THAT THE LATER BILLS WERE STAMPED IN POUNDS AS WELL AS DOLLARS, WHILE THE FIRST BILLS WERE NOT.

President of the British and Canadian School Society, and President of the Bible Society.

After Mr. Gerrard came Horatio Gates for a brief period, and then the Hon. John Molson, in whose capable hands the direction remained until 1835 when the even more prosperous

first railway opened in the Province, and in 1853, in conjunction with his brother William, founded The Molsons Bank.

Mr. McGill, whose real name was McCutcheon, the change being made at the instance of his uncle, Peter McGill, had a wide reputation as a statesman



FIRST BUILDING.

SECOND BUILDING.

BANK OF MONTREAL—A REPRODUCTION OF A CELEBRATED PAINTING OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL'S FIRST AND SECOND BUILDINGS, BY KREIGHOFF.

and philanthropist, as well as a merchant and banker, and filled many honourable positions. He was the first chairman of the first railroad company, viz., the St. Lawrence & Champlain, of which Mr. John Molson, Jr., was afterwards President.

But, of course, it would not be just to ascribe the whole credit for the prosperous growth accomplished to the President. The Cashier of the Bank played no unimportant part in its management from the first, and as the years passed his influence increased until at length the chief responsibility came to devolve upon him.

Mr. Robert Griffin, who was the first Cashier, held office until 1827, when Mr. Benjamin Holmes succeeded him, and remained for nearly twenty years, being followed by Mr. Alexander Simpson, who had previously shown his ability by his management of the Quebec branch of the bank.

On Mr. Simpson's retirement in 1855,

Mr. David Davidson—good Scotch names these—having made a reputation as manager of the Bank of British North America in Montreal, was persuaded to change his allegiance, and it was at his suggestion that seven years later the designation of the Chief Officer of the Bank was, by Act of Parliament, changed from Cashier to General Manager.

Mr. Davidson was a financier of signal ability, in whose character far-seeing enterprise and canny caution were singularly blended. He is described as being a man of commanding presence, slow of speech, and with a reserve of manner not easily penetrated. The respect which he inspired was intensified by his decision of character. It was understood that his "no" to a customer meant an unalterable refusal. Under him the working of the bank was thoroughly reorganized according to the Scotch system, a head office being



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & SON.

THE BANK OF MONTREAL—HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

established altogether distinct from the Montreal office, which thenceforth became a branch, bearing the same relation to the head office that the branches in Quebec and elsewhere did.*

It was well for the bank that it had so able a hand as Mr. Davidson's at the helm, for the country just then was feeling the strain of long-continued commercial depression, and the dark shadow of general disaster hung over all its financial institutions. The crisis came in 1857 when the dull times developed into a panic which threatened to lay prostrate the whole edifice of business.

Then did Mr. Davidson's courageous

policy and firm grasp of the situation prove equal to the gravity of the crisis. Guided by his counsel and aided by the bank, the merchants of Montreal were enabled to weather the storm, the trade of the city was saved, and the position of the bank rendered pre-eminent beyond peradventure.

After nearly eight years of equally successful management Mr. Davidson resigned to accept the treasurership of the Bank of Scotland, and Mr. E. H. King was thereupon promoted from being manager of the Montreal branch to the general managership of the bank. In his biographical sketch in the *Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association* Mr. George Hague says that then Mr. King's powers developed in a remarkable degree. He thoroughly understood what was good banking, realized the requirements of business

* The first manager of the Montreal branch was Mr. E. H. King, who had followed Mr. Davidson from the Bank of British North America, and who took charge in January, 1858.

and had a keen insight into the ways of men. He never scrupled to act, when action was required, no matter who might be in his way. He had great influence with the Government of his day, and contributed largely to the moulding of its banking policy. At one time he strove hard to put the Bank of Montreal in the same position as that occupied by the Bank of England, but the opposition of the other banks was too strong for him.

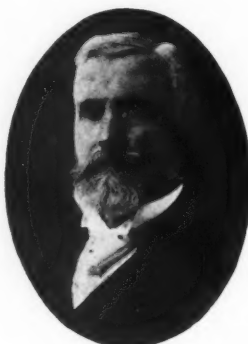
The new incumbent rapidly won for himself the reputation of a brilliant financier and for the bank very handsome profits upon the deposits. He greatly extended the scope of the bank's operations, particularly in New York where an enormous and exceedingly profitable business was done during the Civil War when gold commanded so high a premium, and if, perchance, some of the more conservative folk were inclined to look askance at his undertakings, they certainly had to admit that the success attained went far towards justifying the risk, and that the resultant strengthening of the bank's position and substantial increasing of its dividends, amply entitled Mr. King to the high honour paid him of being elevated to the President's chair in succession to Mr. T. B. Anderson, whose term



MR. BENJAMIN HOLMES.
General Manager 1827-1846.



MR. DAVID DAVIDSON.
General Manager 1862-1863.



MR. R. B. ANGUS.
General Manager 1869-1879.

of office ended in 1869.

On Mr. King's promotion, Mr. R. B. Angus was appointed general manager, but this did not mean the former's withdrawal from giving his exclusive attention to the affairs of the bank. In fact, so long as the two men were associated there was practically a joint management, the bank thus enjoying the advantage of their united ability and wisdom.

In 1873 Mr. King retired, and Mr. David Torrance was elected President, the entire responsibility of the management then devolving upon Mr. Angus, who proved quite equal to the task, and who alone of all those mentioned remains in connection with the bank; for although he withdrew from the position of general manager in 1879, he is at the present moment one of the most active members of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Torrance was President for three years, and to him succeeded Mr. George Stephen (now Lord Mountstephen), who took so prominent a part in the gigantic enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

At the time of Mr. Angus' resignation the commercial horizon had again become clouded over, the country was passing through another period of depression, and it was felt by the directors that ability, experience and pru-

dence in no common degree would be required to meet the emergency. The agent of the bank in New York was Mr. C. F. Smithers, who, like Mr. King, had in 1858 followed Mr. Davidson from the Bank of British North America. As inspector and local manager he had been eminently successful, and now he was rewarded by being called to Montreal to assume the duties of General Manager.

So fully did Mr. Smithers satisfy all expectations that after only two years' service in that capacity he was elected President in succession to Mr. Stephen, and filled that honourable position, devoting his whole time and energy to the interests of the institution until 1887 when he died in harness, profoundly regretted by all who knew him, and by none more than his associates in the bank. His successor was Sir Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who for five years had been vice-president.

On Mr. Smithers' elevation, Mr. W. J. Buchanan, who had been steadily rising in the service since 1853, was appointed General Manager, and on his retirement in 1890 Mr. E. S. Clouston, the present incumbent, was installed.

Mr. Clouston* had already been on the staff for nearly thirty years, climbing upward from position to position, and thereby becoming thoroughly acquainted with each department, so that he has a perfect mastery of all details, and has proven himself a steadfastly successful manager, his most notable achievement, perhaps, being to secure for his bank, in 1893, the Financial Agency for the Dominion in Great Britain, the bank having been the Government's Financial Agent in Canada since 1863.

Mr. Clouston is fortunate in having the co-operation of Directors not to be surpassed by that of any institution in the country—Senar Drummond, Messrs. A. T. Paterson, E. B. Greenshields, Sir W. C. Macdonald, R. B. Angus, A. F. Gault, James Ross,

and R. G. Reid, all being men of the very highest standing in the financial and commercial world. He has also the advantage of most able and experienced assistants in Mr. A. Macnider, Chief Inspector; Mr. W. S. Clouston, Inspector of Branch Returns; Mr. F. W. Taylor, Assistant Inspector, and Mr. James Aird, Secretary.

Having thus in a necessarily imperfect way outlined the development of the Bank of Montreal, and made mention of the men who may justly be considered the architects of its good fortune, it remains for us to touch upon some of the general characteristics of the institution.

In the first place, as to its policy. From the outset this has been remarkable for a rare blending of daring enterprise with far-seeing prudence. Of this many examples might be given were the officials willing to be communicative, and unquestionably some thrilling stories, far surpassing in interest the highest flights of the fictionist's imagination, could be constructed from the apparently prosaic records of transactions.

But the bank authorities feel no responsibility for the entertainment or instruction of the curious public. They do not even concern themselves to give their side of certain matters concerning which altogether erroneous or distorted notions may have got abroad. They simply keep their own counsel, and continue to administer affairs so that the dividend rate is maintained at an eminently satisfactory figure.

But if the officials of the bank are exceedingly cautious and reticent, let it not be forgotten that from the junior deputy-assistant clerk to the General Manager they are courteous beyond cavil, and this not simply at the head office, but even to the remotest branch.

We wot of banks in which a certain brusqueness of demeanour would seem to be sedulously cultivated by the gentlemen behind the glistening grilles or polished desks, where the patient public are attended to apparently under protest, and given to understand that

* A biographical sketch of Mr. Clouston was published in the issue of this Magazine for March, 1899.

the greatest possible favours are being conferred upon them.

This is not the spirit that distinguishes the Bank of Montreal. Courtesy and promptness prevail throughout its immense system, and the customer whose requests are within the bounds of reason can confidently count upon transacting his business in a comfortable, pleasant fashion.

As one would naturally expect, so eminently successful an institution looks well after those in its employ. The Bank of Montreal pays liberal, though not extravagant salaries to all who do good work, and furthermore holds out the inducement of an almost ideal pension system as a reward for long continued satisfactory service.

The details of this system are not of course for the general public, but it may be said that in some respects it resembles that in force in the Civil Service at Ottawa, possessing, however, many advantages not contained in the Government plan.

It began in 1861 with the Annuity Fund Society, which had only eighty-five members, and it is now known as the Pension Fund Society, duly incorporated, and having over five hundred members.

When the bank opened for business it was in a building belong-



MR. W. J. BUCHANAN.
General Manager 1881-1890.

ing to the Armour estate that stood on St. Paul Street between St. Nicholas and St. Francois Xavier Street. This was destroyed by fire in 1820, and then the bank erected its own building on the site now occupied by the present Post Office. But the accommodation being inadequate to meet the demands of the rapidly extending business, the present solid, ornate and commodious structure was erected.

This too, however, has been out-grown, and by the purchase of property in the rear, provision has been made for such an addition to the premises as will ensure ample room for the future.

Bearing in mind the modest surroundings amidst which the bank began its career—a single hired room in an unimposing building—there is special interest in the fact that to-day this remarkable institution owns nearly two score fine buildings scattered over the Canadian continent from Halifax, N. S., to Victoria, B. C., each structure in its substantial elegance being no less a credit to the bank than an ornament to the city in which it is situated. They amply substantiate the title of the Bank of Montreal to be considered the premier financial institution of the Dominion.



MR. E. S. CLOUSTON.
General Manager 1890-1900.



HOW can we make change, or what shall we do with our surplus change? were questions that alternately troubled the merchants of this country during the first part of the nineteenth century. Tills were at times altogether bare of copper change and at other times loaded down with it. In the present satisfactory state of our currency we can hardly conceive of the difficulties in this direction with which our predecessors had to contend.

The answer to the question, What caused this alternating famine and surfeit? will lead us back to the days of the early settlements, when all kinds of money were scarce and were constantly sent out of the country as remittances. Then the notion prevailed that raising the nominal value of coin acted as a deterrent to its export. In accordance with this notion, an ordinance was passed, in 1777, by the Province of Quebec, raising the nominal value of the guinea to £1 3s. 4d., and the silver coins in like proportion; but there could be no such proportional advance in the value of the copper half-penny without making an unaccountable fraction; consequently the export of British halfpence—the only legal copper change—became a profitable transaction. Hence a famine for such change. A similar Act was passed in 1808, by the Legislature of Lower Canada, more clearly defining the old ordinance, but it made no provision for the dearth of copper change except by adding a clause, making it a crime

to import or manufacture "base brass or copper coin."

This did not help to mend matters, so the Canadian merchants undertook the remedy themselves by importing old copper coins recently withdrawn from circulation in the old land. While thus making provision for necessary change they were not adverse to turning an honest, or rather a dishonest, penny, for when the supply of discarded coins became exhausted freshly struck coins were ordered. These were anonymous and so light that the profit realized from their importation was doubled and even trebled. The desire to secure this profit led to an enormous increase in the quantity imported, which made such a plethora of coppers that they ceased to be accepted as current coin.

In 1817 petitions were presented to the House of Assembly by "divers inhabitants" of the cities of Quebec and Montreal, asking that steps be taken to relieve the people from this intolerable copper nuisance.* But although the rational remedy was proposed by the petitioners! "that such coins be of a certain stamp and be of a known weight," nothing was done save that

*Journals of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada for 1817. Pages 68 and 114.



FIG. 1—FIRST TOKEN ISSUED BY THE BANK OF MONTREAL.



FIG. 2—SECOND TOKEN ISSUED AND FIRST TO HAVE WORDS "BANK OF MONTREAL."

the law was more stringently enforced.

Following this was another copper famine, when merchants were again at their wits' end for small change. Old hoards of rejected coppers were brought out, but the supply proving insufficient the merchants again undertook to supply the remedy, not as before, by importing, as that avenue had been stopped, but by establishing private mints. From these mints, as the business proved most profitable, large quantities were turned out. Thus money was made by coining money. These home-made coins were not by any means works of art. Some were simply barbarous, being rough imitations of worn British halfpence, or of the more popular trade tokens then in circulation. In many cases they were imitations of imitations, and bore no other design than a faint outline of the head of George III. for obverse, and of Britannia or a harp for reverse. There was no inscription. At last, even plain flans or discs cut out of sheet copper were issued. The story is told of a bibulous blacksmith who, when he felt inclined to gratify his appetite, would manufacture two or three shillings' worth of coppers and then set out with sufficient funds for a regular bout.

The natural result was another surfeit, which the people although long-suffering, could not further continue to endure. Almost the whole currency consisted of coppers, and merchants oftentimes when making up their sales had as much as fifty or a hundred dollars of such change to count. Balancing cash was a slow process in those days.

Suddenly certain of these coppers

were rejected as if by mutual consent. Coins that one day were accepted as good, on the next were no longer received, and that, too, without any special reason. Who were the censors of the currency that commanded such general respect? Not the Government officials, nor even the principal merchants, but the market women. Their fiat became law. What these ignorant hucksters accepted was received as money, what they rejected became nothing more than copper junk. This state of affairs continued for some time during the years 1835 or 1836, until the Bank of Montreal offered to provide a remedy and received authority from the Governor-in-Council to issue copper tokens for circulation as change. This is confirmed by an ordinance, passed by the Special Council three years later, which states that:—"Provided always that all coins imported or manufactured as aforesaid, shall have the same relative value to the British penny or halfpenny, with those recently imported by the Bank of Montreal under sanction and authority of the Executive of the Province."¹ Here was the only rational solution of the difficulty, the Government having all along declined to become responsible for a coinage of its own.

This authorization partook of the nature of a bank note, redeemable on demand, as is shown by an Act passed by the first Parliament of the Province of Canada. "No permission shall be granted....for the importation or manufacture of any copper or brass coin or tokens....unless such coin or tokens be stamped with the name....of the body politic or corporate, and....[they] shall be....redeemable on demand."²

The first token issued by the Bank of Montreal (Fig. 1) did not bear the name of the bank, as it was inscribed simply "Bank token, Montreal," with the value "Un Sous" within a wreath. The reverse had the inscription "Trade



FIG. 3—FIRST HALFPENNY PIECE STRUCK FOR BANK OF MONTREAL, 1837.

¹Ordinance of Special Council of Lower Canada, 1839, Vol. IV., page 30.

²The Provincial Statutes of Canada, Vol. I, 1841, page 99.

and Agriculture, Lower Canada," with an emblematical bouquet. In the value, by some mistake of the engravers, the plural "sous" was used. This new coin was not popular on account of being anonymous, so another one was issued shortly afterwards, with the inscription changed to read "Bank of Montreal token" (Fig. 2). La Banque du Peuple also issued two varieties of the un sou tokens, one struck in the United States and the other in Montreal. The latter is known as the Rebellion token; the engraver, a Frenchman who sympathized with the patriots, having inserted a cap of liberty and a star on the obverse of the coin.



FIG. 5—THE FIRST SIDE-VIEW HALFPENNY, 1838. THIS COIN IS NOW WORTH \$10 TO \$20.

These, the first authorized copper coins struck for the Province, had not been long in circulation before imitations, imported for the most part from Belleville, New Jersey, by a man named Dexter Chapin, were introduced; others were struck in Birmingham, while one or two varieties were made in Montreal. To such an extent was the new importation carried on that nearly forty varieties of the imitation un sou tokens are known. They are not very close imitations, being inscribed simply "Token, Montreal," while the value, "un sou," is correct. When the market for such change again became overstocked



FIG. 4—FIRST PENNY PIECE STRUCK FOR LOWER CANADA, ISSUED IN 1837 BY BANK OF MONTREAL.

and the unauthorized tokens ceased to be current, it was by the error (the final s in "sous") that the genuine Bank of Montreal sous were distinguished from the false by the illiterate hucksters.

This flooding of the Province with private un sou tokens so discredited the authorized issue that a new coinage altogether different in design was decided upon, and issued towards the close of 1837. It consisted of penny and halfpenny pieces, the first of the former denomination struck for Lower Canada (Figs. 3 and 4). The design on the obverse, a *habitant*, or French-Canadian farmer, is the most characteristically Canadian of any Canadian coin ever issued. The costume, once universal in the country parts although now rarely met with, consisted of a *tuque*, a frock-patterned overcoat of *étouffe* or homespun, with Capuchin, a *sache* (*ceinture fléchée*), beef moccasins (*soulier de bœuf*) and a whip. From this the coins are called "Habitant pennies," but among the French Canadians, "Papineaus," because the Hon. L. J. Papineau, the leader of the patriots,



FIG. 6—THE FIRST SIDE-VIEW PENNY, 1838. THIS COIN IS NOW WORTH FROM \$15 TO \$25.



FIG. 7—THE 1839 HALFPENNY—RARE.

affected this costume. The inscription is French as well as the design, and reads "Province du Bas Canada, un sou," or "deux sous." The reverse had the arms of the city of Montreal, which are also those of the bank. But it was undoubtedly for the latter reason they were adopted. The inscription "Bank of Montreal" on the ribbon confirms this. The ribbon on the city arms is inscribed "Corporation of Montreal." The three other banks of the Province participated in this coinage, having their names, City Bank, Banque du Peuple and Quebec Bank, inscribed on the ribbon in place of that of the Bank of Montreal. The inference is, that at first the Bank of Montreal alone was granted authority to issue this coinage, but the other banks having strongly urged their right to participate, they were permitted to inscribe their names on the ribbon of such part of the issue as was accorded to them. The fact that coins issued by the Quebec Bank bear the arms of the city of Montreal confirms this.

There are pennies and halfpennies (Figs. 5 and 6) of the Bank of Montreal dated 1838, but as few, if any, are found in circulation, it may be asserted

that none were issued by the bank. As the two denominations occur, besides one or two slight die varieties, there is no doubt that a regular coinage was intended. This coinage was not issued because the bank suspended specie payment that year. The design was changed; a view of the bank building displaced the habitant, and "Bank of Montreal" and the date the French inscription. The reverse remained the same, except that the date was omitted. As the view of the bank is a three-quarters one, showing the side of the building as well as the front, these tokens are called "side-views." They are very rare; the penny once readily sold for forty dollars, and on one occasion, at an auction in New York, as high as eighty; but now, on account of a number having been found among collectors in England, the price has declined. The penny now sells at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, and the halfpenny for five dollars less.

There are also pennies and halfpennies (Figs. 7 and 8) dated 1839 of the same design. Occasionally specimens, especially of the halfpenny, have been found in circulation, but like the coins of 1838 they are rare. A variety of the penny has Banque Peuple on the ribbon (Fig. 9), which would indicate that that bank was to have participated with the Bank of Montreal in the proposed coinage for 1839; but owing no doubt to the ordinance permitting suspensions of specie payment having been continued for another year no coins were struck for circulation. The pennies sell for about the same price as those of 1838 or slightly less, but the



FIG. 8—RARE PENNY OF 1839, BANK OF MONTREAL ON THE RIBBON.



FIG. 9—RARE PENNY OF 1839, BANQUE DU PEUPLE ON THE RIBBON.



halfpennies seldom bring more than ten dollars.

Under an Act passed in 1841 by the Parliament of the united province of Canada, the old authority granting corporations permission to strike coins was continued. The Bank of Montreal issued a coinage in 1842, which as usual consisted of pennies and halfpennies (Figs. 10 and 15), current over the whole of Canada. The design on the obverse is again changed. A front view of the building is shown and the inscription reads "Province of Canada, Bank of Montreal." The reverse is the same as that of 1837.

A penny with this obverse having the ribbon inscribed "City Bank," and dated 1837 (Fig. 14), was occasionally met with in circulation. This shows that in striking the coinage of 1842 one of the dies of the 1837 tokens was used through mistake. All these tokens were struck at the Soho mint, Birmingham, owned by Boulton and Watt. The establishment, which was quite extensive, was abandoned about forty or fifty years ago.

In 1844, halfpennies alone were coined (Fig. 11). There was no change in the design from that of 1842.

But there is a rare variety in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa dated 1843 (Fig. 13), on which the head of Queen Victoria, with the inscription "Victoria Dei Gratia Regina," replaces the arms on the reverse. This is probably what is called a "mule," made after the breaking up of the Soho mint, by striking a coin from the obverse die of a Bank of Montreal token "muled"

with that of one issued by the Province of New Brunswick.

It would appear that a coinage was proposed in 1845, for a specimen bearing that date was purchased in England some time ago by a Canadian collector. It had remained unknown up to that time and is consequently very rare, although on account of its similarity to the common dates (1842 and 1844) it would not sell for as much as the "side-views."

With 1844 the issue of Bank of Montreal tokens ceased, because, no doubt, there was no further demand for copper change. With the removal of the threatened danger, the vigilance of the self-constituted censors was relaxed when the old copper tokens rejected in 1817, in 1834 and 1835,

and again in 1837 crept back into circulation. The supply of copper

change was thus so ample that no further coinage was required for some years. After 1849 the seat of Government was removed from Montreal and the Government account withdrawn from the Bank

of Montreal. The further coinages of bank tokens were therefore issued by

the Bank of Upper Canada in 1850, 1852, 1854 and 1857, and by the Quebec Bank in 1852.

Although the decimal coinage was adopted by, and the first regular Government coinage issued for Canada in 1858, the bank pennies and halfpennies, together with other coppers, continued to circulate, to the exclusion of the cents, until 1870, when the Govern-

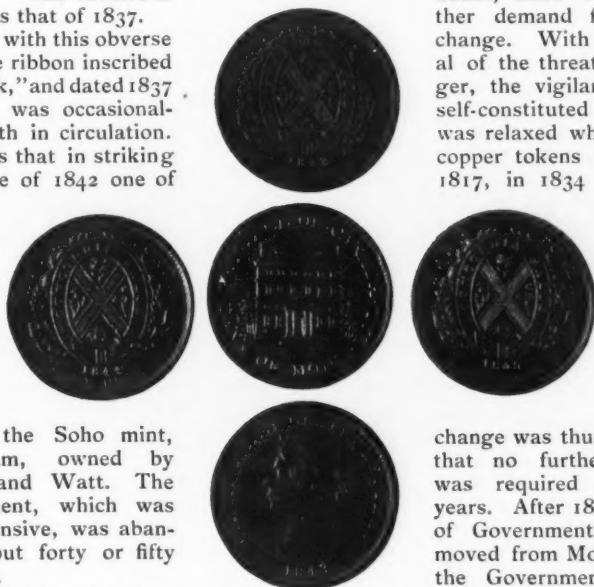


FIG. 10—1842.

FIG. 11—1844.

FIG. 12—1845.

FIG. 13—1843.



FIG. 14.—PENNY OF 1842, DATED 1837. FIG. 15.—THE COMMONER PENNY OF 1842.

ment undertook to retire the old coppers. The penny and halfpenny tokens of the Bank of Montreal and the other banks were not retired but raised in nominal value to one and two cents respectively, and they have continued to circulate ever since. Although now

scarce an occasional "habitant" or "front-view" turns up to remind us of the means adopted by the Bank of Montreal to provide an authorized copper currency when the country needed it.

THE PRICE.

O ARDENT youth who covets truth,
 And follows its decrees,
 Remember this : Whatever bliss
 Awaits thee, 'tis not ease ;
 No, ne'er shalt thou find ease.

O loving heart, where'er thou art,
 The tumult in the vein
 And in the soul is not the whole
 Of life. For thee is pain.
 No love but hath its pain.

O ye who strive, the fates that drive
 You forward in your quest,
 Will give in strife your deepest life
 And not in empty rest.
 No joy for you in rest.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE YOUNG IDEA IN JAPAN.

By Alfred Edmonds.

AT the present moment, when so keen an interest is being taken in everything which appertains to the magical East, and when we are on the threshold of a deeper insight into the life of the remoter Orient than we ever possessed before, it may be amusing as well as instructive to turn one's attention to the younger generations of those far-off climes—the little people who, when they become “children of a larger growth,” will inherit the inestimable advantages following in the train of the Western invasion of thought and manners that is now taking place.

Someone has said that—

“Children seem spirits from above descended,
To whom still cleaves heaven's atmosphere
divine—”

and we must be generous enough to believe that the children of the West do not entirely monopolise the celestial gift. When allowance is made for hereditary differences, very young children are much the same all the world over. From the black pickaninny, right up through the varying gradations of colour, to our own children, who seem destined in process of time to be the rulers of the human race,



there is not a soul among them who has not some beautiful attribute, capable of being directed into channels of higher development.

Of all the children who dwell in the strange countries of the Far East, there are few, if any, whose life is more interesting or picturesque than that of the children of Japan, that wonderful island which has rightly been called “the England of



A GAME OF BALL.
From a native print.





A TYPICAL NURSE.

the Pacific." But though the sturdy Japanese race, through the successful manner in which they have copied our systems of government and education, have now a number of characteristics in common with European nations, the child-life of the country differs from ours to a marked extent. The little Jap knows nothing of the tender love and the all-absorbing adoration that the Western baby exacts from all around it and regards as nothing more than its lawful right. There is a two-fold reason for this. In the first place, they do not need such careful nursing in the early years of their lives, a fact largely to be attributed to the equable climate of Japan, a climate that knows

but little of the violent changes with which we are unfortunately only too familiar in this country; and in the second place, nowhere in the East is to be found that passionate love of children which makes the European and American mother the saintliest, gentlest, and truest friend that God ever gave to humanity.

For the first two years of its life the child in Japan is a veritable "Old Man of the Sea," as, during the day-time, it is strapped to someone else's back—the nurse, mother, or sister having to perform the part of the unfortunate Sinbad. Its legs are tied to its bearer's back by a sash, another sash being passed under its arms and around the neck of the carrier.

Its general condition in this stage of its existence is one of somnolence, and when it does wake up it is to smile contentedly from out the corners of its diminutive lozenge eyes, which are



READY FOR HER FIRST RECEPTION.

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BABYLAND IN JAPAN.

more like two tiny curved lines of glittering ebony than anything else. It is too lethargic and apathetic in disposition to be unduly troublesome ; but

there are times when it will give vent to its injured feelings in tones as loud as those emitted from the lungs of the most boisterous Western baby. It does

not like being kept still for any great length of time, for the sashes by which it is bound to the nurse tighten around its little legs and back, and cause it a great deal of discomfort. Indeed, its chief indictment against its nurse is the proneness of that functionary to stand gossiping for an unconscionable period, and when at length the delinquent domestic is aroused to a sense of her duty by the cries of the mite on her back, she gently shrugs her shoulders to relieve the strain on the child's

kimonos of brilliantly coloured silks or crepes, with gaudy *obis* or sashes tied round their waists and fastened in immense bows behind.

When they enter the schoolroom they remove their clogs and make a profound obeisance to the teacher. Their studies are not as yet made irksome for them. The Education Department in Japan deprecates a policy of "cram," and the girls are permitted to take their lessons in the quiet, easy, leisurely fashion in which they



LITTLE PEASANT GIRLS AT WORK.

limbs, makes a waddling movement with her little clogged feet, and speedily lulls the infant back to its normal state of contentedness.

When Japanese children emerge from babyhood into childhood, they are of course (under the new *régime*) made to go to school, and there are few prettier sights to be seen in that land of spectacular beauty than a schoolful of girls with glossy black hair, and decked out in their dainty

take their play. The Empress is a keen educationist, however, and she is particularly desirous of establishing a sound system of higher education for girls, whereby they may become mentally as efficiently equipped as their Western sisters; but her enthusiasm is not shared by the nation, and the day seems far distant when the girls of Japan will be as intellectually vigorous as English girls.

Except in matters of etiquette no



DANCING GIRLS.

great amount of importance is attached to their training, and in this respect they are much more neglected than the boys. They are early taught to regard themselves as inferior to their brothers, and invariably to defer to the latter. Ever since the reform movement took hold of the country and elevated it to a

Power to be reckoned with in Eastern waters, no efforts have been spared to train the boys to the highest state of efficiency, so that they might be able to discharge those multifarious duties to the State which the new conditions of life demand from them. But with the girls it is different. It is impossible to

convince the Oriental mind that women are justly entitled to the same privileges as men. They would be the last to subscribe to the belief that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

It must be confessed, however, that, despite her educational and social dis-

to contend with in the way of efforts after decorous conduct. A rigid etiquette is early inculcated in her, and becomes so much a part of herself that she finds it difficult not to do the correct thing at the proper time and in the right place. Then, again, she has no white pinafores to spoil, no dainty



GIRLS PEARL GATHERING.

advantages, the Japanese girl comports herself with quite as much dignity as the English girl; indeed, some go so far as to say that she excels her Western sister in this respect. But in justice to "Miss Romp" of England, it is only fair to state that "Mdlle. Chrysanthème" has fewer difficulties

shoes to get besmirched with mud, and few articles of furniture to upset. It should be mentioned that the entire furniture in the average Japanese room consists of some small tables, not half a foot high; an orthodox fire-box, in which fine charcoal is burnt, and which is called *hibachi*; a few cushions on

which to sit, and some beautifully painted silken scrolls, which are as a rule very fine specimens of Japanese art. Of course there is often a quantity of dainty *bric-à-brac* about, but the fingers of the children are so deft that they seldom break them.

The chief advantage, however, which the Japanese girl has over the English girl is that she is able, for the best part of the year, to be out in the open air, breathing the balmiest of atmospheres, under the serenest of skies, and amid languorous odours of the cherry-blossom, the graceful wistria, the loveliest of irises, and the glorious summer roses, to say nothing of the chrysanthemums of every size, shape and hue, which make Japan a dream of autumn glory. She is not called upon to suffer those long weeks of weary imprisonment indoors which the difficulties of our climate impose upon our children, but with her battledore and shuttlecock passes long, happy hours in the sunshine and among the flowers.

At one time the only instruments Japanese girls were expected to learn were the simple native ones, which, with the exception of the *koto* (which is not unlike the European dulcimer), are not difficult to master. The favourite instrument was the *samisen*, which is constructed like a banjo, and from its strings are emitted a weird series of sounds in a minor key, which are peculiarly depressing. But all this is being rapidly changed nowadays, and the Japanese girls are striving hard to become accomplished performers on Western instruments. At their School of Music they have some good European teachers, and some of the girls in Tokio are becoming really able performers on the piano, and more especi-

ally on the violin. Yet at the same time they are strangely deficient in what one may term "musical soul"; their playing is about as mechanical as it is possible for it to be. Yet to watch them playing one forgets all that, being so absorbed in the wonderfully graceful appearance they always present when playing.

In the matter of games the children of no country are better off than are the little Japs. Nearly all our street games have their counterparts in Japan and the inventive genius of Japanese children continually create others. There are toys of every description, though the average little Nippon generally prefers a game calling into play both the mental and physical powers, and toys are therefore not the most popular form of amusement. In no phase of their picturesque life do these children present a prettier sight than on the occasion of a public holiday, of which there are many throughout the year. The daintiest silk *kimonos* are then taken from the family chest, and the hair has especial attention bestowed upon its dressing. Myriads of paper lanterns are suspended in streamers from house to house, and the weirdest of kites are flown.

Some of these holidays are regarded specially as children's festivals. Then the shops all blossom out with any amount of cheap toys and little miniature articles suited to a doll's house, and the youngsters buy cakes and sweets, paper flowers and toys, sham ornaments, and fancy combs, gaudy sashes, or little clay animals made by a travelling showman, spending infinitesimal sums of money to their little hearts' content.



THE PEACEMAKER

By •• Virna Sheard ••

Pictures by S.C. Simonski.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

LIFE was a series of abbreviations to Lucinda Ellen, even to her name, which in the beginning had been cut down to Cinders.

The only things she appeared to have been given ungrudgingly were eyes and hair. The eyes made one think of that dog in the old fairy tale who had optics like saucers, they were so big, yellow-brown, and pathetic. The hair matched in colour and was unsubduably curly.

Time for Lucinda Ellen was a succession of weeks, filled in by blue Mondays—with no holidays, jolly Saturday afternoons or peaceful Sundays to leaven the lump. The world's population she insensibly divided into two classes, with one crowned head: boarders who paid, boarders who didn't, and Mrs. Stogers.

Her dream of luxury was the front parlour, and her ideas of art were bounded on the right by a portrait in oils of the deceased Stogers, and on the left by some wax vegetables and feather flowers under glass shades in the same room. The antimacassars which strewed the unyielding parlour furniture were mysteries of exquisite handicraft to Cinders, and created in her a wild desire to duplicate their knotty stitches. Her surreptitious attempts to copy these unlovely things resulted in a few puckered, begrimed specimens of crocheting and many tears, but they proved beyond question that the femi-

nine instinct to make something useless, under the impression that it is ornamental, was strong within her.

Six years before, Mrs. Stogers had taken the child from one of those homes for orphans where all the little children wear clothes made of the same material, cut by one pattern; and six years—when a person is but thirteen—to look back upon is practically always.

During that time Cinders had washed dishes, battled with dust, and run endless messages on small, weary feet, till "the trivial round and common task" had done their best to sand-paper away the intense feelings and vivid imagination which live in almost every child and are its birthright.

That they had not succeeded was a sort of miracle.

Love had never come her way. Yet it did not follow that because nobody loved Lucinda Ellen, she did not know what love was. Far from it. She had always loved something, if it had been only a rag doll, and upon this object, whatever it happened to be, showered a positively abject devotion. It was the way she was made. At present her heart's delight was a diminutive one-eyed cat, whose size was no indication of youth, for he was popularly supposed to be enjoying his ninth life, there being those who testified to having seen him at least eight times ready for burial. In colour this animal rivalled the ace of spades. In voice and temper he commanded respect from both man and beast.

To Cinders alone was shown the soft side of his nature, and he would follow her about tirelessly, making a sound in his throat like a small steam piano.

When night came, and the last dish had been shelved, the kitchen swept, and the stove garnished till it satisfied the soul of Hanna—Mrs. Stogers' prime minister and, incidentally, cook—the child would go wearily up the many stairs to her own room under the roof with its one tiny, slanting window looking upward at the stars.

The cat always followed warily, eluding with a vigilance born of knowledge the all-powerful Mrs. Stogers. And when Cinders curled herself up on the chair that stood beneath the window, he would spring to the back of it and say, in his own fashion, all the nice things he could think of to the forlorn little maid. He would even tap her face with his soft black paws and tootzel the bronze tangles of her hair. Cinders would rest there, her wondering eyes watching the stars, twinkling so far off in the mysterious sky, her mind possessed by many strange thoughts; and the weird black cat would keep her company.

One evening early in November she had come to her room very tired. It had been a Monday of deepest indigo, and the spirit of the child rebelled against fate. A fierce hatred of Mrs. Stogers and Hanna possessed her, and filled her eyes with hot tears. The heavy drops splashed down upon the cat in her arms and disturbed him. He did not like or understand tears, they

were wet and uncomfortable; but looking into the troubled face he saw its unhappiness, so gazed upwrad sympathetically with his one blazing eye and purred his loudest.

Cinders stroked him with her hard little hand and gradually the tears stopped. She was not given to weeping or self-pity, but was of a sunny nature that sought, like a flower in a dark place, for the light.

It was very quiet in the attic.

The deep muffled purring accentuated the stillness. Now and then some giddy young mice behind the wall squeaked and scuttled away to their homes.

"The moon was afloat—like a golden boat,
On the sea-blue depths o' the sky."

The child gazed at it entranced. It was so rarely beautiful, that golden moon, and it shone just as much for her as for the rest, she thought. Not

the rich people, or Mrs. Stogers, had more right to it. It was God's moon, and He just lent it to the world. And so it was with the sunshine, and the wild flowers, the waving trees, the blue of the sky and the sea and the air, all these best things in the world were made for her, Cinders, as much as for anybody.

There was comfort in the thought, and balm for her bitter little heart.

DRAWN BY S. C. SIMONSKI.



"One crowned head—Mrs. Stogers."

Suddenly there floated through the room a sound so sweet, so thrillingly sweet, she sprang half afraid to her feet, clasping the cat tight as a protection.

Some one was playing on a violin, but that the child did not know, and a fancy came to her that an angel had

her with ecstasy; but this was different. Mrs. Stogers' walls had never echoed to such sounds before.

The music went on, a tender simple melody with a minor undertone through it, and it was played by a masterhand.

Cinders stole out into the hall and listened. The door of the next room

DRAWN BY S. C. SIMONSKI.



"It's one tiny, slanting window looking upward at the stars."

slipped down into Mrs. Stogers' attic on a bar of moonlight, and had brought his harp with him.

Her breath came fast, for she did so love music.

The street pianos were her chiefest joy, and a German band, no matter how broken-winded, had hitherto filled

whence the sound came was ajar, so she pushed it open quietly.

A man stood there, his violin tucked under his chin. A lamp, fastened against the wall, shone down on him, showing he was young and very good to look at.

He stopped playing after a few mo-

ments, and as the child moved to go, saw her.

"Hello!" he said, smiling, "who are you?"

"Cinders," she answered, drawing a long breath. "Oh! you do play lovely, sir."

He gave a short laugh. "Come in," he said, tuning the violin. "Come in if you'd like to. I'll play again. It's refreshing to be appreciated, its charming. A new sensation in fact. It's what we all want, don't you know, to be appreciated." Then, as she sidled into the room half shyly, "Are you appreciated, little one?"

"No sir," she said, her mouth drooping; "Oh, no sir, I ain't."

He raised his eyes and saw the small maid standing in the full light.

"Great Ceasar!" he cried, with a soft whistle. "What a regular little witch! Is that your familiar spirit? Where did they ever get you?"

"From a Home," said Cinders, "an'—he aint a spirit—he's a cat."

"I see he's a cat," returned the young fellow. "Oh yes, decidedly a cat, and a bad-tempered one, to judge by the waving of his tail. Do you remember what George Eliot calls a cat's tail, or it may have been a dog's tail?"

"No," she answered, her great eyes alight.

"Well, it's rather good. She calls it 'The appendage whereby he expresses his emotions.' What's your friend's name?"

"'Phisto," she said, soberly.

"Mephistopheles, possibly?"

"Yes, sir; that's what Hanna named him 'cause she says he's a perfect devil, an' that's the name of a devil she saw in a play."

"Hanna has a sense of the fitness of things. But you, you were never christened Cinders in a Christian land?"

"Oh, no sir; my name's Lucinda Ellen, only Mrs. Stogers says life's too short to call me that."

"I retract the compliment I paid Hanna. Any one possessing an idea would have turned Lucinda Ellen into Cinderella. Don't see how they could have missed it."

He touched the violin string softly, then dropped the bow.

"What do you do with the cat when you ride out on your broomstick?"

"When I do what, sir?"

"When you take your midnight airing in your peaked cap and red cloak and that kind of thing. Where do you leave the brute, Mrs. Witch? Or do you take him along as a mascot?"

"I aint a witch," said the child, gravely.

"Come, come," answered the young fellow, smiling; "you're not Cinderella, so you must be the witch. Besides, they always have eyes like yours and just such hair, and there's the black cat. He's convincing. Why the *tout ensemble* is perfect."

"Well, I aint a witch," she replied again. "I wish't I was; then I'd change Mrs. Stogers into a cow, an' Hanna into a monkey, an' I'd turn things to gold, an' live in a castle. An' I'd never do anything but listen to music, like you played, an' I'd have fairies bring me ice-cream on little trays every hour, an' I'd buy a real diamond collar for 'Phisto, an' I'd marry a prince."

"Like me?" he asked, looking amused; then, as she did not answer, he began to play.

Cinders listened as one under a charm. Her heart ached with the sweetness of the sounds, for the violin spoke a language she understood. It told her the same things as the rain that pattered on the roof, and the wind that blew about the house on wild nights. When the passionate notes ceased, her curled lashes were wet and her face white and eager.

"You have a soul, you queer little thing," said the man.

"Everybody has a soul," she replied softly, "only cats."

"Do they? Well, perhaps, but not the same kind. No. If people felt my music as you do, I would have my pockets full of gold, little Cinders, instead"—He stopped abruptly, then went on. "Where's your mother?"

"I hav'ny any—nor a father—nor nobody."

"We're in the same boat then," he answered. "But you have friends?"

"Only him," she said, stroking the cat. "I sort of belong to Mrs. Stogers. I should think you had friends, sir, lots of them—you're so big—an' beautiful looking."

He gave a short laugh. "I have an aunt, an aunt who thinks she owns me body and soul."

"Like Mrs. Stogers does me?"

"Yes, probably. But this aunt of mine has a mortgage on me, unfortunately. I have lived with her. I owe her everything. She is still liberal. She says I may be rich going her way, with the alternative of being poor going my own. It can be seen," with a shrug, "which I have chosen. It was the one possible way; a man can't be brow-beaten."

"Like Mrs. Stogers brow-beats me?" she broke in sympathetically. "No, of course not—but—but—what if your aunt loves you? Wouldn't that make it different, sir?"

The boyish face, looking down at her, darkened. "There is love," he said, "and love. Yes there are those who might think she loves me, little one. If so, it's a parody on love. I say—a blind, selfish, domineering thing is not worth the name." He was talking to himself now.

"I must go," said the child, drawing a long breath. "Mrs. Stogers wouldn't let me be bothering you."

"Oh, you haven't bothered, you have flattered me. I find I can move an audience to tears."

"Do you play—for—for money, sir?" she asked diffidently.

"I am glad to say I do. To-morrow night I take my position, second violin in an orchestra. It has been no money and semi-starvation; now it will be second fiddle and the affluence of Mrs. Stogers' attic. But there's the future."

"Will you play some other time?" she asked wistfully.

"I will."

"Thank you, an' good-night, sir," said Cinders, closing the door.

When he was alone the man stood

thinking. "I feel better," he said, half aloud, "much better; not so light-headed and shaky. Knocking around so long alone took the courage out of me. It's a good thing to talk to somebody when one's down on one's luck, if it's only to a child."

As for Cinders, the melody she had heard sung itself to her till it put her to sleep. It was not a bad way to be put to sleep, a far better one than counting sheep jump over a fence, or watching with the mind's eye that ever-falling water of Niagara.

But it would not be a possible way with all of us—for not on all does God bestow his gift of the love of music.

One law of His is the law of compensation. Where many blessings have been withheld from a soul, He gives it in exchange some wonderful thing that gold cannot buy, some wonderful thing that makes its happiness.

And happiness, like beauty, or the love of a child, cannot be bought, which is well, for, if it could, the rich would probably have it all.

Every evening before Dan Thorald went to the theatre, he played on the small brown instrument, and Cinders and the cat listened.

When he returned late, the child lying awake on her little bed close under the roof, would sometimes hear the music that charmed her again.

Through the days, after rehearsals, Thorald stayed in his room writing, as though life depended upon it.

If Cinders had a spare moment she would look in at him quickly to make sure he was there.

When the man chanced to see her, he called her in. She invariably refused the invitation, though the black cat, who was her shadow, always accepted with alacrity.

Thorald was strangely attracted by the odd child, and would talk to her on such occasions in his half-earnest, half-whimsical fashion.

"I forgot to dust when you were out, sir," Cinders remarked one day, standing at the door.

"Don't trouble," he replied, smiling. "Somebody, very æsthetic, once said, 'Remove not dust, it is the bloom of the ages.'"

The child looked puzzled. "It couldn't have been Mrs. Stogers said it anyway," she replied. Then, her tone changing, "Oh, you do write a lot; isn't it pretty cold to be writing in there so long?"

"You forget the stovepipe," he answered.

"The stovepipe!" she said, scornfully. "Ye don't think that gets yo' warm?"

"Assuredly—else what its mission?"

"There aint any fire in the stove its caught onto. I asked Mrs. Stogers to have a fire into it, but she won't."

"Thanks, but don't bother," he replied.

"I 'spose you think I've troubles o' my own," she said, quaintly. "Well, I forget 'em when I hear your music, Mr. Thorald, and if I'm angry, the wickedness jest goes right out o' my mind. Truly it does."

"There was a King once, named Saul," said Thorald, "and one played to him upon the harp—but I don't suppose you know the story."

"No," she answered, wistfully shaking her head.

"I'll tell it to you sometime, not now. I must work. When this opera is finished my troubles will be ended, Cinders."

"What's a opera?" she questioned.

"Music," said Thorald. "Music and more music, set to words. This is going to New York. To make my fortune—or——"

"Or what?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is going—for all the world to hear, that's all."

"I'm glad," she answered, radiantly. "All the people will clap their hands and call fer you, like Hanna says they do at the theatre."

"They may," he answered.

"Oh! they will," said the child, wisely. "An' I am glad—for you—but," passionately, "when you get

rich—I won't never hear you play again."

"Yes you will, I won't forget you, Cinders, if that time comes."

"Won't you?" she cried. "Oh! won't you, Mr. Thorald?"

"Not I; you're such an uncommon, odd little piece. I couldn't if I tried."

"Maybe you'll go back to your aunt," she suggested.

"Certainly I will—when I get rich. It's only when a fellow's poor he don't go back, you see."

"Yes, I see," she said, nodding. "Come on, Pisto, we must go."

Thorald heard her slipping down the hall in shoes that had probably served Mrs. Stogers faithfully. On the stairs one fell off and bumped to the bottom.

The man smiled, then grew grave. "By-and-by," he said, "I'll look after that child a bit."

He finished his work and sent it away. Then tried to put in the time practising, but the weather was frosty, and his fingers could not handle the bow.

Cinders fretted at the thought of him in the cold room, where he sat reading, his overcoat buttoned to his throat.

December came in with heavy snow and a biting wind from the North.

Then the child grew desperate. "Please, Mrs. Stogers, won't you give Mr. Thorald the little room where the stove is?" she said timidly.

"Won't I what?" cried the landlady.

"Won't you let him have the empty room, an' a fire in the stove?"

"Well, I never! That I won't! He don't pay enough for what he does get. I've no use fer proud ones like him—poor as poverty, an' holdin' their heads above them that has seen better days."

"It's awfully cold," said Cinders; "awfully, awfully cold, Mrs. Stogers."

"One'd think this was the North Pole, 'stead of Canada, to hear you. Goodness me! it's only seasonable and pleasant. You'r complainin' of yer own room."

"No," cried Cinders, her eyes flash-

ing; "Oh no, I'm used to it, but he isn't. He's a gentleman."

"Or thinks so!" retorted the woman, "a-carryin' round a dress suit in that swell leather case o' his. A dress suit, my gracious! I don't care whether he goes or stays. I'm tired to death of the noise he makes on his fiddle."

Cinder's red mouth set itself firmly. There was no use in talking to Mrs. Stogers, she thought. A person who called music "*a noise*"—no—no use.

When the landlady was busy elsewhere, she fled to the woodshed, gathered her skirts full of wood and toiled up the back stairs noiselessly.

She fastened the door of the empty room, and started to light the fire.

A few minutes later Thorald, on his way to the attic, heard sharp screams as of a child in terror. He thought of some children who lived in the house, and often played about the halls, and sprang up the stairs towards the sound. As he reached the landing Cinders rushed towards him, her short tindery dress ablaze.

To catch her and rub the flames out with his hands, against his coat—any way—was the work of a moment, and soon she lay in his arms a rumpled, frightened little heap, but safe.

"You've burnt your hands," she sobbed; "Oh! I know you have, I know you have."

"Are you hurt much?" Thorald asked, his voice rather shaky. "I think you must be hurt, Cinders."

"No," she said, "I don't b'lieve I am. My clothes are all woollen but that dress. I jest got caught on top like, like Hanna's pies does sometimes," with a queer little laugh. "I guess I'll be kind of brown like them, but"—pushing back her curls—"but you've burnt your hands, Mr. Thorald."

"Yes, rather. Not very badly. I'll send Mrs. Stogers up and then see to them. Cinders," he said, "it's a good name for you after all. You tried to make it fit this time."

"I was lighting the fire in the room under yours," she said in a half whis-

per. "Jest wait till Mrs. Stogers knows, that's all."

A heavy step sounded on the stairs, and the landlady's voice greeted them.

"Who's been settin' the house afire an' yellin' so?" she cried, coming into view, but stopped short, her eyes falling on the still trembling child and her unsmiling lodger.

"It wasn't the house," Cinders explained rather faintly; "it was me. I lit the fire, and caught my dress. Mr. Thorald put me out, the flames you know, and he burned his hands."

There was never a heathen who raged as Mrs. Stogers did then. No thought of sympathy entered her mind, and as nothing could stop the avalanche of words, Thorald went out. When he returned his hands were bound up, and his spirit was rebellious, for he knew it would be two weeks before he could touch his violin. Yet he was not without hope, so long as his manuscript did not fail him.

If the opera was received, he would go home for Christmas victorious, and show the woman who thought she ruled his destiny, that he was able to do his own work in the world, in his own way. Yes, if he succeeded he would go home, but—

Oh! these awful "buts" that turn us off at right angles from our heart's desires.

✱

What Thorald did not count upon was illness—that thief in the night.

One morning, two weeks before Christmas, he did not come down to breakfast, and Mrs. Stogers mounted the steep stairs to ascertain the reason. No answer was given to her knocking, so, the door being unlocked, she went in.

Her lodger was tossing his head to and fro on the pillow. He called Mrs. Stogers "Aunt Emily," and she said afterwards the way his eyes stared gave her chills, so she sent him to the hospital.

Cinders watched the ambulance take him away, then she rushed to her room and flung herself down on the floor.

She did not cry, for it had got past crying with Cinders. "If I knew where that old aunt lived I'd find her," she said, sitting up and gazing with melancholy eyes at Mephistopheles. The cat rubbed a ribby side against her dress for answer.

"There might be a letter or something in the leather case," she went on thoughtfully. "I don't like lookin', but I guess I must."

She stole into the deserted room softly; the emptiness, the stillness, was unbearable, and in a fever of hope and fear she searched quickly.

In a pocket of the dress suit, deposited of Mrs. Stogers, was a letter directed to "Miss Emily Thorald." Then followed the name of a town Cinders had heard mentioned often, for it was not far away. She smiled as she spelled it slowly over.

"I'll write," she said, rejoicing in the accomplishment; which had been acquired with infinite pains in the odd moments that had been given for conscience' sake to what was called her "education."

"Yes," she said again, "I'll write, an' get the money from my bank for the paper an' stamps."

This bank was a tin building kept by Mrs. Stogers in her own room. Any coin of the realm that the little maid chanced to receive she was condemned to deposit therein.

Now, she abstracted this building from the site it had so long occupied, and shook out enough coppers to make her purchases, then wrote as follows:

MISS EMILY THORALD:—

Your nefu is took ill with a fitt of sickness. If you don't come to him he will dye. There aint nobody cares if he does or not, but me. He is at the Hospittle, and is out of his head. Hana says the Hospittle is orful.

With Resspec,

LUCINDA ELLEN.

This Cinders posted. Then waited. More than a week went by. She escaped once and went to the hospital. The porter told her Thorald was very ill, that no one had come to see him.

The child made up her mind on the way home that she would go for Thor-

ald's aunt herself. There was a desperate pain at her heart that made inaction impossible.

About dusk she slipped out of the house unnoticed. The tin bank was clasped to her breast. The cat followed, scenting adventure on the air.

The city looked gay and bright at this dusky hour. The great buildings were trimmed with the snow's ermine and the frost's lace, as in honour of the approaching feast-day. Lights winked at the lonely little girl from friendly-looking houses.

There was cedar before the shops, and bunches of glistening holly behind the windows.

She passed the market where rows and rows of turkeys, all butchered to make a Christmas holiday, hung stiff in death, and where pigs of cheerful countenance, adorned with paper roses, and holding lemons in their mouths, appeared to rejoice in their fate.

On and on sped her light footsteps, for she knew the way. Her starry eyes saw the beautiful city, and it seemed as a city in a dream. Silver sleighbells rang on the frosty air, but she did not know she heard them.

The man at the wicket in the station stared as she asked for her ticket and handed him the tin bank.

"Break it open," said Cinders, "an' take out the money, please. I think there's enough. I tried to get it open, but I couldn't."

So far her faith in humanity had not been corroded.

The official wrenched the box open, took the needed amount and handed back the rest with the ticket. He looked amused, but he was kind.

People were all kind, she thought. The guard who put her aboard the train, the conductor, all of them.

Perhaps it was because the Christmas spirit was abroad in the land, or else that the serious little face, framed in its bronze brown hair, the eager, appealing eyes, and tremulous red mouth were hard to resist.

The train sped on through the white country, and Cinders waited; the cat,

who had escaped all pursuit, purring triumphantly beside her.

At the station she got out, carrying Mephistopheles, and stood alone on the empty platform.

An ancient cab was awaiting possible passengers. Cinders went to the driver and asked him if he could take her to Miss Thorald's house.

"I want to get there very quickly," she said, "and here's the money," handing him the balance on hand.

"All right, lady," he answered; "get right in; ye'll be there in a jiffy."

If it had been daylight he wouldn't have called me that, thought the child.

As to how she should return she did not trouble. No thought of Mrs. Stogers disturbed her. No fear, though the hour was late and the place strange. One idea alone held her mind.

After a little while the horses drew up before such a house as Cinders had seen in pictures.

The old cabman told her they had reached the place she wanted, and he watched the small figure with curiosity as it confidently mounted the steps and pulled the bell.

A man answered the door, a stiff, wooden-looking man.

"I want Miss Thorald," Cinders said eagerly, "an' I want her at once, if you please."

The servant led her in and went for his mistress. The child waited in the great hall calmly, as one who had come on a mission—as one unswayed by any thought of self.

In a few moments a woman came towards her—a stately woman, very beautiful, who did not look either old or young, but something of both.

Cinders sprang to her with outstretched hands.

"Why didn't you come?" she cried, reproachfully. "I told you how ill he was. Are you so angry you will let him die all alone?"

The woman grew white and caught her breath strangely; with one hand she unfastened the lace at her throat.

"I don't understand. Who are you,

my child? What have you come for?"

"The letter," Cinders said incoherently. "The letter, you know. I waited for you to come."

"I know nothing of any letter!" answered the other. "Sit down and tell me what you mean."

Little by little Cinders told her story. Of the man in his attic room; of the music she loved, and the opera that had been sent away; of the cold, cold days, and the unfortunate fire she had started. It was a childish tale, much mixed in the telling, but the listener understood at last.

"If they took his opera in New York he was coming home for Christmas. When people are successful they come home. When they aint, why they don't," Cinders ended, gravely.

"My proud boy," said the woman, her lips quivering; "My proud boy!"

Then she kissed Cinders softly, passionately. "That might have made me harder still," she said. "I had other desires for him—but now—oh! you good little thing—you poor little thing, you shall take me to him at once, at once."

"It is very queer to be kissed," Cinders thought, as she fell asleep that night in a small white bed in one of the big beautiful rooms. "Very, very queer indeed."

It had not been possible to reach the city till next morning. At noon Miss Thorald entered the hospital ward and found the one she sought. But it was not that day he knew her, or the next. She listened to him talking—of the hours spent in the cold, lonely room—of his work—of Cinders—the only one who had seemed to care.

"You are a little witch," he repeated often; "you see into the future with those solemn eyes. Yes. And the black cat. He knows too. I charm you both, though—with the music. There was a king named Saul and one played to him upon the harp. But you don't know that story. Some day I will charm the whole world, so—"

The woman prayed as she listened.

As for Cinders, Miss Thorald kept the child with her. Never, never was she to go back to Mrs. Stogers. For there are ways of settling things when one has a friend rich and determined.

It was Christmas Day that they went together into the ward where Dan Thorald lay. He would know them, the nurse said. They might stay for a little while.

"Why, it's Cinders and Aunt Emily!" he cried weakly, as they came near.

Cinders dropped down by the bed and hid her face against it.

Presently she looked up with tear-filled eyes, but smiling lips.

"I guess you don't know it's Christmas," she said.

"Christmas! No, but I might have, I've got such a lot of presents. Aunt Emily, and you, little one, and this victorious letter from New York. Mrs. Stogers brought it. At first the nurse wouldn't read it, for fear excitement would kill me. I told her I'd die if she didn't. That ended it," he said, pausing between the words.

"Oh! I'm glad—so glad," cried Cinders, clasping her hands.

"I knew I could count on you, but Aunt Emily, you won't mind if I go my own way—now? It will be a successful one."

"Go your own way dear heart," she answered, softly. "I will follow. It is what women always do—in the end. I mind nothing—for I have you again—my Christmas gift—from God."

"And you, Lucinda Ellen," Thorald said, after a few moments, and with a low shaky laugh, "don't you want a Christmas-box too?"

"I jest want to stay here," she answered, eagerly.

"You shall stay—not here exactly, but with Dan and me, for always," said Miss Thorald.

"So I may be sure of one admirer and some applause," put in Thorald, who would talk. "You're a luxury I'm to be treated to. We're lucky to have been the first to discover you, Lucinda Ellen, for you're a sort of curio, an original, and Aunt Emily, being a collector, realizes that probably there's only one of the kind on the market, don't you know."

LAUDATE DOMINUM.

THERE is worship in the forest, where softly falling snow
Seems to touch with benediction the waiting earth below.
The long, slim fingers of the wind upon the barren trees
Play Nature's "Alleluia" in a multitude of keys.

And bird and beast they wake alike to join a common note,
And swell the reverent carol which wells up from Nature's throat.
Thus forest aisles resound with hymns, though paths be yet untrod,
When all the world goes joying at the Birthday of its God!

Eve Brodlique.



(A HIGHLAND BALLAD, SUGGESTED BY A SKETCH IN
THE "CELTIC MONTHLY.")

CRADLED in loneliness, splendour and clouds,
Where the grim mountains lift up their
headlands,
Hushed in its rain-mists, walled from the world,
Dreams the glad vale of Glen Eila.

Lone are its hills to the edge of the world,
With their brows flame-tipped with the heather,
Till down the hushed noonday are heard the dead
feet
Of the clansmen who once trod the heather.

But 'tis far, far the day, and 'tis long the lone weeks,
Looking back down the years with their sorrow,
Since love lingered here and gleamed on the cheeks
Of Mahri,* the dream of Glen Eila.

The touch of the morning, the sound of the brook,
In her face and her voice set me dreaming;
Till it seemed the wild grandeur of glenside and peak,
But existed to frame her eye's gleaming.

She comes once again when the nightwinds sob in
Round the sad wintry curve of the mountains;
And I know her sweet ghost, like a dream from the past,
Welling up from out the heart's fountains.

Two little clasped hands, two pleading soft eyes,
Looking up to me true in the twilight,
And the stir of a leaf, where the shy, watchful wind
Went past—God help and forgive me.

O the evil of youth and the madness of youth,
And the curse of this world with its dragon
Of callous, cold form and its mock of a heart,
That crushed my sweet flower of Glen Eila!

I saw my proud mother, my father so stern,
With his twenty grim lord-lines behind him;
And I put by her hand, and lost what this world
Hath sweetest of gift in its giving.

I could not tell all, how could I explain
To so pure and so trusting a spirit?
But I put her love by with a poor shifty lie,
And fled from my heart and Glen Eila.

* Pronounced Mary.



GLEN EILA

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O, she dreamed on the slopes, and she gazed far to sea,
And she looked long to mountain-ward waiting,
Till the wistful eyes dimmed, and the trusting heart broke,
In the tryst of the years in Glen Eila !

Till a slumber more kind than the heart of a man
Took her peaceful at last to its keeping ;
And the stars peep at night, and the mountains look down
On the grave where my dead love is sleeping.

My henchmen are many, my castle walls old,
And my station the pride of my people ;
But I put it all by, with this world and its lie,
And I long for the slopes of Glen Eila.

I long for the bracken, the blue slopes of heather,
The purpling peaks in the twilight ;
And a far-away voice, and a long-vanished face,
That gleams from the slopes of Glen Eila.

And oft when I weary of statecraft and rout,
And the simper of dame and court lady,
I wander, in dreams, to the heatherhill gleams,
And the glen that I trod with my Mahri.

And I see her sweet face, and I touch her soft hand,
And the years roll back with their shadow
Of dim, dreary days to those God-given hours
When I wandered the slopes of Glen Eila.

O the grim heavy years, O the sad thievish years,
That steal all our youth and our gladness !
Would they but bring to me, through their dream and
their dree,
Nepenthe to life and its madness—

Till I stand once again, mid the sun and the rain,
Where the mountains slope down with their heather :
While the long years they pass, like the wind in the grass,
With Mahri and love in Glen Eila.



W. Wilfred Campbell.



The Boy and the Burglar

By Arthur J. Stringer



Square—since I had let my housekeeper go for the holiday. I remember partly clearing the table and thinking how little, after all, two men could eat, especially when it was a matter of saddles of venison. When I had cleared most of the things away I opened one of the windows at the back of the room to cool the air and let out some of the smoke.

Then I turned out the lights and drew a big chair up to the fire, and sat there thinking pleasantly enough about old times in general, and that Christmas Day in particular which Etherington and I had once spent in a double-walled tent on the Abittibi.

"I must have dozed off, for I remember I woke with a start. I felt sure I had heard the sound of a window creaking at the far end of the room. The high back of my big leather chair was between me and the window, so I sat without moving for a minute, and listened. I soon knew there could be no mistake about it. Some one intended to visit me by way of my back window. I kept well under the cover of the big chair, and, twisting carefully about, peered towards the window.

"There, silhouetted against the grey light outside, I could distinctly see a figure climbing cautiously through the opened window. The sight sent the blood tingling through my veins, but I stopped for a moment to think over some plan of action.

"There was a collection of old fire-arms above my mantel, old things I had picked up, at various times, in different parts of the world. I knew there were, at least, two among them that were loaded. One was a Mexican cavalry pistol, and the other a seven-shooter that had been taken from Yellow Cloud, a half-breed who had figured in the Riel Rebellion.

"So I tiptoed over to the mantel, and feeling about found the seven-shooter. Then I slipped noiselessly to

THE wind whimpered in the pines overhead. A fine, hard snow sifted down through the muffled darkness, and Christmas promised to come in with a storm. Lake Temiscamingue and the nearest roof lay fourteen miles to the west. So Harding threw a couple of logs on the fire and drew the moose-carcase into the circle of light, away from the wolves. Then, refilling his pipe, he went on with his story:

"As I was saying, it was the eighth Christmas dinner Etherington and I had eaten together. We fell into the habit nine years ago; it was up on the Abittibi, on just such a Christmas moose-hunt as this. In the nick of time Etherington happened along a cut-bank where a bull-moose had me down and was doing his best to pound the life out of me. That night we had our first Christmas dinner together—and a good one, too—off our moose, with a French-Canadian breed for cook and a Chippewa guide for head-waiter. So for the last eight years Etherington and I have had our saddle of venison together on Christmas Day, or, what was better still, moose when we could get it.

"But last Christmas, as I remember it, Etherington had to leave before our little bachelor dinner was quite finished. He was called away by a special messenger, just why I do not remember. But when he went I was left alone in my rooms—they were my old apartments on South Washington

the centre of the room, and, carefully covering my visitor, turned on the electric.

"I think I was more surprised than the burglar himself. There, clutching my roast of venison to his breast, stood a white-faced, ragged, lean-looking urchin of perhaps ten years, blinking helplessly at the sudden glare of lights.

"When he saw the revolver covering him he threw one hand up over his eyes and groaned. I lowered my weapon, for my burglar was nothing but a child, the puniest specimen of hungry-eyed emaciation that was ever tempted to steal a Christmas dinner. His cheeks were hollow, his clothes were tattered, and there was an absolutely pitiable leanness about his gaunt little figure. I felt sorry for him, but still, I thought, a thief is a thief.

"What does this mean, sir?" I said in my sternest voice, walking over and catching him by one of his lean arms. He did not answer, so I gave him a vigorous shaking and repeated the question.

"My burglar burst into tears, and bawled most energetically. 'It ain't fer me, mister,' he sobbed, 'it ain't fer me! I never done it b'fore—it was jus' fer Sally!'

"Who is Sally?" I asked.

"Me sister," said the boy, shaking with fear, 'but I never done it b'fore!'

"I asked him where he lived. He wiped his eyes on his ragged coat-sleeve and turned to the window. He pointed to a dilapidated tenement in the rear. 'See dat light in de winder at de top dere. Well, dat's ours. We kin stan' dere an' look right down inter your place and see what youse is eatin'. We always does. Sally and me watched youse havin' dinner to-night. We watched youse last Christmas, too, an' Sally says as how she's seen youse feedin' your face fit to bust every Chris'mas fer five or six years!'

"Oh, I see; then Sally sent you here?" I said, trying the boy. He looked up at me with a sudden change of face. 'Sally sent me?' he cried. 'Well, I guess not; Sally ain't dat kind. But de ol' woman's bin boozin'

fer t'ree days an' Sally ain't got her bread-hooks onto a t'ing to eat since yesterday mornin'. An' I was druv to it. She sat up dere a-watchin' youse an' de odder guy eatin' by de hour, an' she didn't say nothin', but I knowed w'at she was thinkin'. An' w'en I seen youse leavin' all dat good stuff, I jes' had to sneak in an' see if I couldn't swiipe some grub. Den youse pinched me!'

"It took me a minute or two to think the thing out. For the life of me I could not help feeling sorry for the little beggar. Outside, I remember, the snow was falling quietly over the city, and I pictured the bare little room up in the Third Street tenement, and then looked at my own warm rooms and glowing fire and half-wasted supper. I asked the boy his name.

"Tony O'Hagan," he answered promptly enough.

"Well, Tony," I said, 'I want you to go home and get Sally and bring her here. Go the same way you came, and if you are telling me the truth and that really is your window up there where the light is, show your head there a couple of times and come back the same way, and you and Sally will eat one of the biggest Christmas dinners you ever sat down to.'

"This only seemed to distress Tony.

"An' den youse'll pinch us bot'!" he wailed.

"I did my best to reassure the urchin. 'I want you and Sally,' I explained, 'to come over and have your Christmas dinner with me.'

"Nope," said Tony, with great decision. 'Youse can pinch me if youse want to, but Sally's dif'rent!'

"I was at my wit's end trying to convince the boy of my good intentions. 'Here,' I said at last, handing him my seven-shooter. 'Take this revolver. When you come back with Sally you can use it on me if there is a policeman here or if I try to pinch you. Will that do?'

"For a minute or two he hesitated. Then he seemed to realize that I was in earnest, and took the gun, gingerly enough. The next minute he had

climbed through the window and slipped away through the falling snow. I stepped out on the little verandah and watched for his signal. I must have waited there ten minutes without a sign from the window up in the tenement. Chilled with the cold and a little disgusted with my own simplicity, I climbed back through the window.

"S-s-s-sh! Not a word, or I'll shoot!" That was the welcome I got as I stepped into my own room. Something cold, significant and chilling was held suddenly against my right temple and a hand grasped at my throat just above the collar. And I assure you I shall never forget the feeling. With that significant, cold thing still at my temple I was pulled gently but firmly away from the open window.

"A dark-lantern flared in my face, and turned everything but the one ball of light to sudden blackness.

"Now, shut that window," said the voice out of the blackness behind the lantern. The pistol barrel was taken from my temple.

"Hold on!" said the voice again. 'On second thoughts it would be better to leave it open. Draw the curtains instead. Now, turn on the lights, please.'

"I tried to make a sudden spring through the darkness and clinch with him. But he caught me securely by the lapel of my coat and made me unhappy once more with his menacing pistol-barrel at my head. 'None of that, you fool, or I'll pink you,' my polite burglar muttered under his breath. I smiled grimly and did what he had ordered. Then my burglar, I remember, snapped his lantern shut with a click that made me jump.

"It was with something more than interest that I looked him over. He was a brawny fellow, at least six feet in height. There was nothing the least disreputable-looking about his dark brown suit and his cloth cap. In fact, he carried himself much better than I had been led to believe was the habit of the professional burglar. Over his eyes he wore a little mask of black felt, and his chin, I noticed, was clean-shaven. I

had thought that all burglars were lantern-jawed, but my burglar was not.

"Now, sir, what can I do for you?" I said as coldly as possible, after we had spent several minutes in sizing each other up.

"I am very sorry to trouble you at such a late hour," he said with mock apology, 'but I must ask you to take your keys, go to that oak cabinet in the corner and unlock both the inner and outer doors.'

This staggered me, but I mentally ran up the value of the things stored in the cabinet. My friend the burglar seemed to know what was running through my mind, for he smiled. He noticed my hesitancy, and once more waved his hand persuasively towards the cabinet.

"Well, let's have a smoke first and talk things over," I said with assumed jauntiness, turning carelessly towards the fire-place. My thoughts were, of course, directed towards the Mexican cavalry pistol there.

"No," said the burglar, 'at least not at present, thank you. Business must come before pleasure, I regret to say.' He smiled, and his right hand dropped for a moment to his side. I saw my chance.

"Well, you don't mind my having a pipe, I presume?" I asked, watching him.

Above the mantel stood a rack of pipes. Eighteen inches from them lay the cavalry pistol. I swung my hand up carelessly for the pipe.

Instead of stopping at the pipe-rack, my hand slipped on to the pistol. I had it in my fingers in a second—I thought, rather cleverly.

My friend in the black mask laughed quietly. 'Not quite,' he said, and his hand went up like lightning. I think I laughed, a little uneasily, when I saw him covering me.

"I don't want to be rude, but you mustn't do that sort of thing again. Something might happen, for, as you see, this is a hair-trigger."

"Well," I said, 'I suppose the sooner you get what you want and

clear out the better. The room's getting cold with that window open.'

"I was hoping at the time that this might give me a chance to reach the window and give an alarm.

"Then kindly put some coal on the fire,' he ordered.

"I put the coal on, but as slowly and noisily as possible. He bit his lip, I remember, but said nothing. Then he pointed once more to the cabinet. There was nothing for me to do but open it. I think it was more the sense of defeat than the actual loss of the things that weighed so heavily upon me.

"Step by step my friend the burglar followed me to the corner with his gun between my shoulder-blades. I unlocked the doors and swung them open.

"Leave me that opal ring if you can,' I said. 'It belonged to my mother.' I did it simply to try him.

"Most certainly,' he answered, to my surprise, 'under the circumstances.' Then he swept the things carelessly together and dropped them in his big inner coat-pocket. After that he carefully locked the two little cabinet-doors and handed me the keys.

"Having finished our little business,' he said with his maddening smile, 'I shall accept your very kind invitation to dine.' His right arm must have ached excruciatingly, I think, but not for one moment did he neglect to keep me covered. 'But you must pardon me,' he added. 'Even though my host, I must ask you to precede me on this occasion.'

"We sat down. My guest minced at a little caviare, nibbled at a little cold turkey, and remarked that my saddle of venison, though cold, was still savoury. But I could see that he ate with a sense of uneasiness.

"By the way,' I said, 'would you mind telling me just how you got in here?'

"Most elementary,' said my friend the burglar rather contemptuously. 'These old houses, I find, have the crudest sort of locks. I would really advise you to alter them.'

"My visitor's gaze wandered rest-

lessly from me to the door. He felt his inner pocket and fingered his revolver abstractedly. Then he looked up and asked me the time, though I knew that not once his eyes were really off me.

"I glanced at my watch. The burglar gave me a look of smiling surprise.

"What an oversight! Absolutely ridiculous, when you think of it! If it is not asking too much,' he said, 'while you are giving me the time, you might also—ah!—might also give me the watch.'

"This made me groan inwardly, naturally. As I undid the old-fashioned gold chain—a family heirloom—I considered the chances of a hand-to-hand struggle. The burglar's revolver lay on the table beside his plate.

"He reached out his hand for the watch. I drew back, as though reluctant to part with it. I can still remember seeing the mouth below the mask smile exasperatingly, as he leaned forward to take it.

"The fingers of one hand were open and the other rested on the centre of the table. I felt, at that moment, that it was then or never.

"When I lunged at him he jerked back, and I clutched only one wrist and the thumb of the outstretched hand. In the sudden, quick, sharp wrenching that followed I suppose I rather cleverly managed to shift my hold from his thumb to his wrist. Then he realized my actual ruse, and the real struggle began.

"Damn you, you're clever, aren't you?' he said with quiet savageness.

"I was straining every muscle in my body to bring him face downward on the table. He strained and wrenched back, trying to do exactly the same with me. I saw his neck and jaw grow purple with the effort, and I can still half-feel how the muscles in my arms and shoulders cracked.

"It was a short struggle, but it seemed ages. Inch by inch he drew me over, down and yet farther down on the white table-cloth. He was too much for me. Every cord and tendon

in my body seemed paralyzed. It must have made a strange picture. My burglar must have seen that he was winning, for a triumphant smile spread over his purple jaw."

Harding drew his Four-Pointer closer about him and knocked out his pipe. He sat for several moments in silence, with the firelight in his face, chewing the cud of his odd memories. A wolf barked in the distant gloom of the forest and the snow sifted down quietly through the pines. At home, I knew the Christmas bells were just beginning to boom out across the midnight city.

"I noticed that smile," went on Harding again, "but at the same time I also noticed something else. It was a small white face,—a face with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, and it peered cautiously in through the curtains that swayed by my back window. It was, as you have guessed, my young friend Tony. The sight gave me a momentary grip of steel. The vice-like clutch burst one of my fingers and the red blood dripped down on the white table-cloth.

"I clung to him like a leech, for Tony's ragged little figure was tiptoeing across the floor, with a big seven-shooter in his hand.

"Then a shrill voice cried out: 'Were'll I soak 'im, mister? In de head or t'rough de slats?'

"My friend the burglar jumped, lost his nerve and lurched forward to my tug on his arms. I took in every inch of slack.

"'Heavens,' he cried, with his face down on the table, 'don't shoot! don't shoot!'

"'Keep him covered, Tony,' I gasped, 'keep him covered, and if he moves let him have it, and right through his dirty heart,' I screamed, for the blood was dripping from my split finger and the pain of it made me fighting mad.

"'Now, git his gun, Sal; git his gun dere, an' git ready to soak 'im from de odder side if he tries any funny work.'

"I remember I could not help laughing, though it must have been a rather

hysterical laugh, for a white-faced, skinny-legged girl in a ragged plaid skirt ran over to the table and snatched the burglar's revolver.

"'Dat's de way to do bus'nness, Sal. Dat's right, keep it right agin his gizzard, but look out for me when youse shoot.'

"I gave a gasp of relief and let go my hold.

"'Will I shoot?' shrieked Sally.

"'Plunk 'im?' echoed Tony, following every move of the burglar with his revolver.

"'No, no, you little devils,' I managed to cry out. 'We mustn't murder the man.' I scrambled to my feet and took the revolver from Sally.

"My old opponent and I stood facing each other for some little time, each regaining his breath. The thought that my valuables were to go back in their cabinet again made me forget my troubles for the time being.

"'Now it's my innings, I believe, Mr. Burglar,' I said.

"My friend the burglar laughed and shrugged his shoulders. I could not help admire his coolness. 'It's all in the game, I suppose,' he said resignedly.

"I flung my keys to Tony and told him to unlock the cabinet. When I also told the boy to clean out the man's inside coat-pocket, the old quiet smile played under the black mask, while Tony proceeded to do the cleaning out with great relish. I replaced the things in my cabinet and locked the doors. It occurred to me at the time that, after all, such a thing was a stupidly ridiculous place in which to keep valuables.

"Outside, I remember, we could hear the Christmas bells beginning to peal merrily away. There was something indescribably sweet in the sound as it came through the quietly falling snow.

"'We was late,' said Tony restively, at this point, looking towards the table, 'cause de ol' woman collared me on de stairs.'

"'I t'ought at first we was too late for supper,' added Sally hungrily.

"'An' it *does* smell good,' sighed

Tony dreamily, putting his hand over his stomach.

"To tell the truth I had quite forgotten the promised supper. And it was Christmas morning, the day of peace and good-will. This I explained to them as I drew up the chairs and invited them to be seated and to dine together for, I added significantly, the last time.

"My friend the burglar heaved a sigh of relief at the words and gravely bowed his thanks. I had Sally put the brass kettle on the hob, while Tony helped me arrange the table. I have eaten many strange meals in many strange places—in fact, this was an odd meal of ours to-night, Macfarlane—but that Christmas supper was the

strangest. Tony shed several buttons before he had finished, while Sally stuffed herself to repletion.

"Finally my burglar rose and ventured to remark, somewhat timidly, that he really ought to be going. Tony also said he 'tought he had better chase his-self.'

"So I took them all to the back window—that eventful back window—and apologizing for such an unconventional egress, let them out into the night.

" 'This revolver, sir,' I said to my friend the burglar, 'I shall be forced to keep as a souvenir of our evening together. And the next time you honour me, sir, I trust it will be by way of the front door.'



A CHRISTMAS PÆAN.

O LORD, I thank Thee for white bread,
For strengthening meat and ruddy wine,
For all fair cates to me and mine
Wherewith I am full fed !

O Lord, I thank Thee for the zeal
I bring to toil—a constant zest—
The spectacle of labour blessed,
The honest joys I feel !

O Lord, I thank Thee for the earth,
In golden day or silver night,
In summer green or winter white,
Or quick with vernal mirth !

O Lord, I thank Thee for the rain,
For all Thy gentle, gracious tears
That fell within a million years
To soften Nature's pain !

O Lord, I thank Thee for the snow,
That cloaks the fallow, fecund meads,
That stops the wounds where stubble bleeds
And garners strength below !

O Lord, I thank Thee for the sky,
The glorious sun to make Thy laud,
The jewelled hosts to tell of God,
To teach me how to die !

O Lord, I thank Thee for high thought,
 For noble aims and lofty words,
 For trill of brooks and song of birds,
 With loving message fraught !

O Lord, I thank Thee for all good
 That gathered since that distant morn,
 When Jesus Christ was lowly born
 To work our Brotherhood !

Franklin Gadsby.



AT YULE-TIDE.

TWINE, twine the wreaths for Christmas,
 Dusk-green and spicy-sweet,
 Make fair your walls with garlands
 Where fir and hemlock meet,
 And round the fire at twilight
 Old songs, old tales repeat.

Uplift the chant and carol,
 Bid bright the yule-log burn,
 Clasp hand with hand in kindness,—
 Lest, when the Time return,
 For some one now beside you
 In vain, in vain you yearn.

Oh, happy hearts, forget not
 The stranger at the gate,
 Make glad some lonely spirit,
 Bring love to vanquish hate,
 And near the couch of sickness
 With tender comfort wait.

Oh, mourning souls at Christmas
 For you what can I say?
 The songs are full of echoes,
 The skies are dimmed and gray,
 The silent voices call you,
 Tears choke you when you pray.

Yet sing the old songs together,
 The brave old customs keep ;
 It may be, through the music,
 A loftier strain shall sweep,
 And upward, spirit-kindled,
 High aspirations leap.

Glad hearts and grave, this Yule-Tide,
 Your hopes and memories share,
 Let mirth be free from hardness,
 And grief without despair,
 Then home shall give us foretaste
 Of Heavenly mansions fair.

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald



CANADA'S SCENIC SPLENDOURS

Here's to the Land of the rock and the pine :
 Here's to the Land of the raft and the river !
 Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,
 And the night that is bright with the North-Light's quiver !

Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer ;
 Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers ;
 Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,
 And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native bowers.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

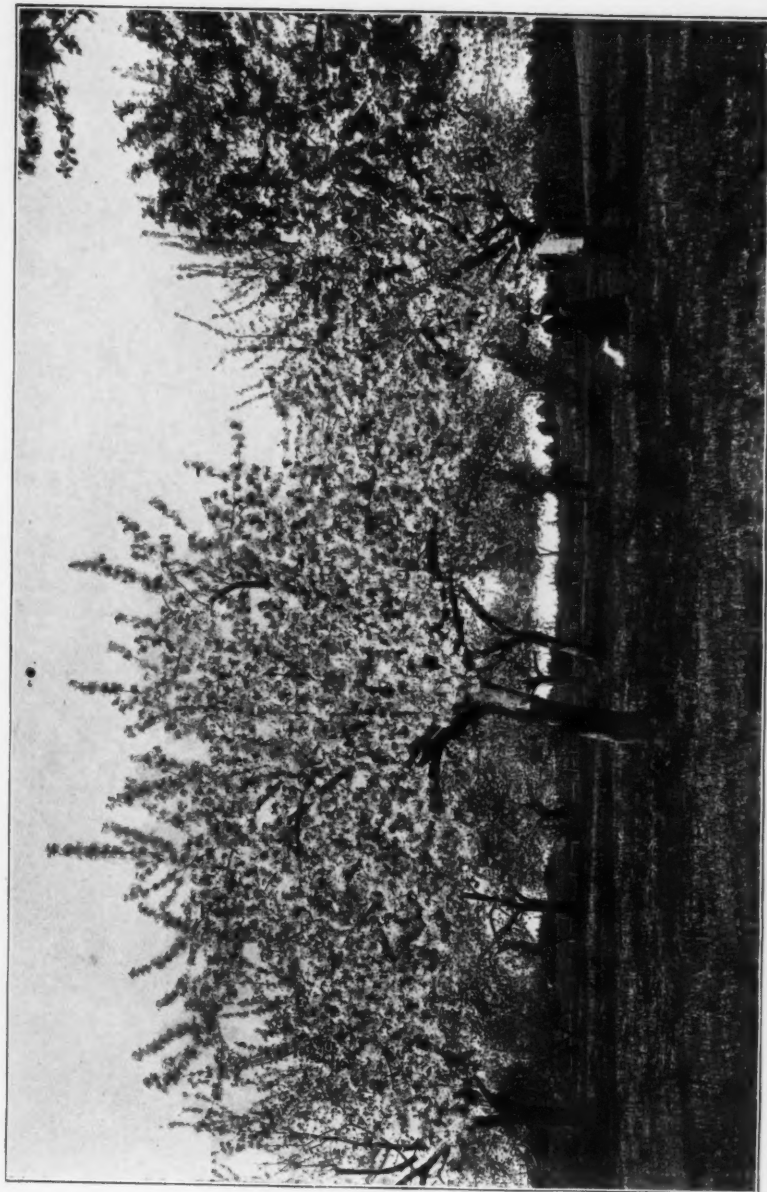


ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA



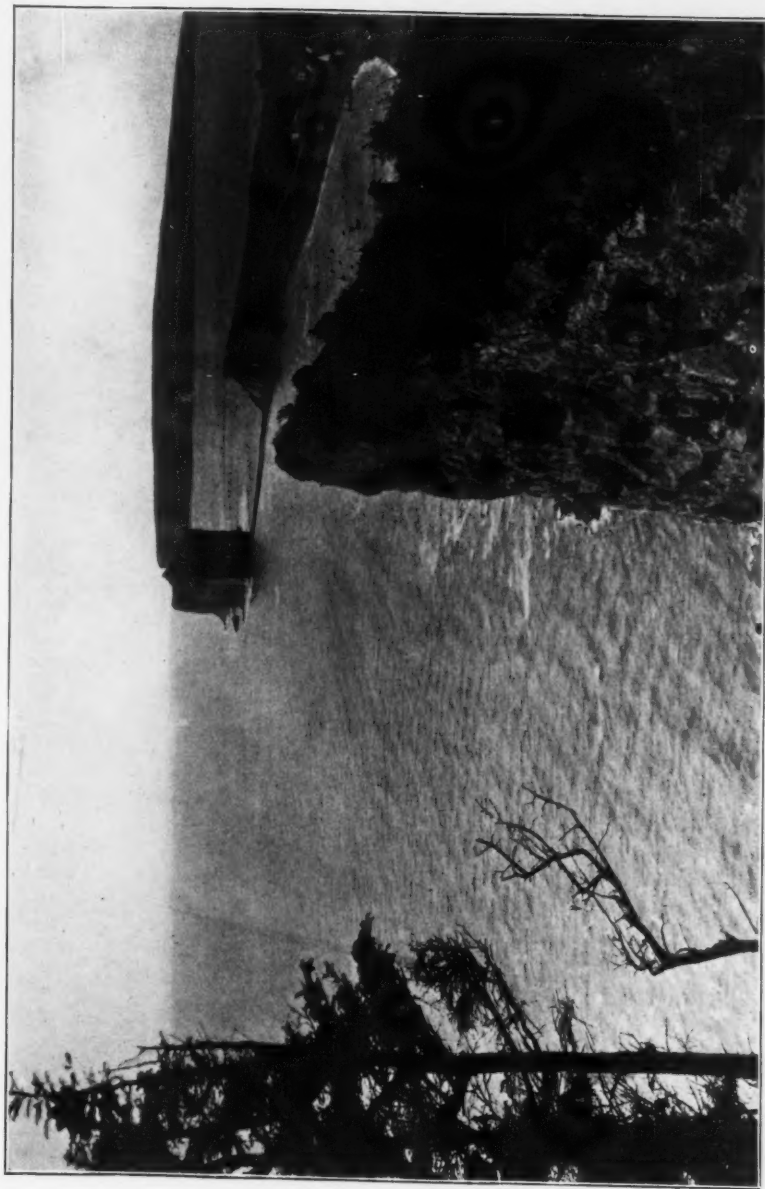
APPLE BLOSSOMS, NOVA SCOTIA

PHOTO. BY HARDY, KENTVILLE



METAPEDIA RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL



PERCÉ ROCK, QUÉBEC

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL



OLD FARM-HOUSE, ONTARIO

PHOTO. BY ROWLEY, TORONTO



TO
QUIET STREAM, ONTARIO

PHOTO. BY ROWLEY, TORONTO



OUCATCHOUAN FALLS, QUEBEC

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

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By Kindness of the Curé

By Jane Fayer Taylor

"—love
That life and death are fash-
ioned of,
From the first breath that
burns."

"PTIT FIN," whisking away the vicious deerflies with his sweeping tail, jogged along the sunbaked roadway with heartless indifference, stumbling occasionally into an unusually deep hoof-print, or against a hummock of the strong smelling daisies that invariably outline the wheel tracks of French Canadian byroads.

The springless "charette" rattled and creaked an accompaniment to the ceaseless "avance donc's" of the driver, seated sideways upon a shaft, and completely drowned the sobs of the girl sitting at the back beside an ancient hair trunk.

Not a tear fell, but the large, brown eyes were full of silent doglike misery, as the homestead, with Gran'père and Gran'mère in the doorway, crept behind the intervening trees.

Yes, the Curé had his will, and she might never see them again; she, their all, the only one the cruel fever had left them when her sweet, gentle mother, her good-looking, music-loving father and her dear brothers had all gone from them in one terrible week. Why had this voice that had so pleased the great master ever been given her? It had always brought tears even to his hard eyes, and was now drawing her from those she loved, from the deep woods where the rich green-coated butternuts were dropping and black-

berries were ripening, from the square, golden clearings where the wheat swayed and fell to the rhythm of the scythe. Men, women and children, the very birds, wild animals, and beasts of the field, were to revel unchecked in the fulness of autumnal plenty, whilst she must walk, eat, sing, even breathe as she was told.

Never again to lie almost buried in the sweet Indian hay, floating in the old bateau on the reflected heavens of the still lake; sending, birdlike, thrilling tribute to the glory of the midsummer skies—never again!

"Tiens," grunted old Baptiste, "it kills me that we're already at the depot, you're such fine company. Torbleu, there's M'sieu l'Curé waiting for you, and the engine it cries from the 'pont-de-fer.'"

"Mais, mon Dieu, Baptiste, I am so miserable—"

"Cré folle," growled the old man, "an' you goin' where it's full of 'whiskey blanc,' where de pump never freeze, where de milk wait in de bottle for you on your doorstep—where everyding—your fire, your lamp, everyding, run right into your house for you trou de pipe; where you can eat—St. Michel!—eat all de tam—Bonjour, mon père!"

"Bonjour, Baptiste. Well, my little one," said Père Phillippe, enclosing Angélique's hand in both his own, "and is the brave heart failing?"

"Oh, my father, why did you bring that gentleman to hear me sing? I shall die in that big, cruel city; die like the rossignol of Baptiste in its cage."

"I know full well, my daughter," replied the old priest, "that there is no loneliness like unto that of one amidst numberless strangers. But you have, dear one, a sacred and beautiful

trust to fulfil. God has given you that which will bring joy, blessed even if temporary to the sorrowful, hope to the hopeless, and forgetfulness to the suffering. Let this be ever in your thoughts my child, and may it illumine the darkness which must, I fear, precede the 'roseburst of dawn.' To the last car, *ma petite*, to the Pullman, for we cannot risk draughts. May our Holy Mother guide you."

As the train rolled past the small station house and the girl saw her moving reflection in its geranium-filled windows—as she passed the kindly face of *Père Phillippe*—then swept by the crossing where *Baptiste* stolidly held "p'tit Fin" by the bridle; as she flashed through the great cutting into the sunshine, and saw through whirling smoke-clouds pastoral battlefields of great cornstalks stacked like muskets, with orange pumpkins lying about for mammoth cannon balls, as she tilted around a curve, and there—far across the silver-dusted lake—saw, shining, the dear whitewashed, red-roofed farm house, saw beyond, high over the crimsoning maples, over the gold and white of the birches, away among the solemn green firs, the glittering tin roof and spire of the "paroisse"—*Angélique's* long imprisoned emotions broke forth in a merciful rain of tears.

Snow was falling heavily, slowly turning to wonderful lacework against the pink afterglow of the evening sky, the branches and twigs outside *Angélique's* window.

Below, sleighs dashed past to the thin whine of their steel runners and jingle of bells. Across the square, through the falling opaque curtain, glimmered a line of brilliantly lighted "street-cars," following a giant sweeper that whizzed and whirled its diamond dust clouds far out on either side.

From below, within the Convent, came the sound of a piano, broken at intervals by the cracking and gurgling of hot-water pipes.

Angélique, kneeling at her window, flung away the pencil with which she

had been outlining a frost flower already forming on the pane.

"It is terrible, this life," she moaned. "It has been nothing but study, study, for fourteen months to-day. Living here, where in summer the dear earth is smothered beneath a cruel coating, and where grass is allowed to grow only where one cannot cool one's foot upon it. Yes, and even the blessed snow is in these busy people's way! And then, *mon Dieu*, to have to walk always in straight lines—even across a street! And the master arrives to-morrow, and I must again sing to him, with his cold eyes freezing my voice like an icicle in my throat. Will he think I have done well in one year? Oh, *Maman—Maman*, if I was only lying beside you under the firs by the 'paroisse!'"

But the next day all fears, all sorrow and depression are forgotten as she sings before the great master.

He, world-weary, satiated with praise and adulation, lies back with half-closed eyes. Then the deep, tear-filled tones rise and fall, the austere lines fade from the tired face, his eyes fix and glow with suppressed excitement, and—when the final "Ave Maria" dies away—there is a long, unbroken silence. Then he ascends the steps to the little platform as one dreaming, and, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the trembling girl, says, almost enviously:

"Child, you now belong to the great world, be it cruel or kind. To yourself and your own country you can be true at heart; this is the penalty of fame. You shall come back with me to Paris, *Angélique*."

"Not at once?" asks the lily-faced Sister, rising from the piano-bench.

"Non, *ma Soeur*, I remain here two weeks, in New York three, when *Angélique* must join me. Child, it is inevitable, and you will be well cared for."

Day after day the girl sang to the master. Now, her eyes on his, her cheeks reddening at his praise or paling at kindest criticism. Then, with her heart's adoration surging out to him with her passionate song.

And he—well, her voice swayed him as it would some day sway vast audiences. And he had discovered her, the country Curé being forgotten.

But the tension grew too great, and when, after his two weeks having lengthened into four, he left, her spirit broke—and the frail body with it, and she fled, like a wounded, storm-beaten bird, to her childhood's shelter.

One bitter evening, when the snow whirled and the wind whistled about the farm-house by the frozen lake, Gran'père cramming maple logs into the glowing stove with his beef-moccasined foot, heard the dogs barking and sound of bells above the storm. Voices called, he opened wide the door, and there entered the Curé, half-supporting, half-carrying in his arms, Angélique.

"Yes, mon père, I must sing once more before I go to join Maman and the others," pleaded Angélique. "Just this once, at the 'Veille de Noël.' He said my singing was hardly of earth. Was that not strange? Let me sing this last song to our own people in our own 'paroisse.'"

"Always 'he,' my daughter. Are you sure you are not mistaken, and that he thinks not of you?"

"Oh, father, it is hopeless. And he will never know. Only you and the Holy Mother know my sorrow and my secret. To him I am a musical instrument—that is all. Now promise to let me sing—of Our Lord's coming—this once, before my going. And father, promise also to be with me—you know—at the end?"

Père Phillippe bent his head and thought long and deeply before he answered, very gently—

"As you desire, my daughter, so shall it be." Then added, almost inaudibly, "May God forgive me if I do wrong."

But his "carriole" waited long before the telegraph office of distant St. Dominique that very day.

It is "la veille de Noël." Without, the midnight heavens are aglow with

stars. Horses stamp, clanging their harness bells, under the buffalo robes thrown over them for protection against the ice cold wind. The giant firs stand black against the sky, waving snow-laden arms to their whispered song.

The "paroisse" is crowded with villagers and habitants from miles around. The scent of fir and pine garlands mingles with that of the blistering varnish on the woodwork of the pews near the great overheated stove; that of the burning incense with the oil fumes of the innumerable bracket lamps, and the fainter tallow of the spluttering altar candles.

Vibrating through the expectant throng the pedal crescendo rolls out its preliminary message. Lovers draw nearer, work-weary old hands join, eyes fill and throats ache—for Angélique is about to sing her "last song."

At the first notes of the prelude she starts, clutching at the rail before her—then enters into her soul a great glowing joy. With luminous, uplifted eyes and tight clasped fingers she begins "Nazareth." Tender and liquid-sweet floats out: "Though poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore." Organ and voice merge as into one—fuller—louder—then as the glorious voice, almost alone, pours out the beautiful promise: "He will guide you through paths of peace to living waters clear"—a woman sobs below.

Soul to soul, almost heart to heart, organist and singer, upraised by new-found joy, pulsate in new-found unison. "The night is gone. Behold in all its glory, All broad and bright rises th' Eternal morning star"—throbbing with passionate fulness into one grand finality of "Life forevermore—life forevermore!"

Père Phillippe, rising, spreads wide his arms—"Jésu—Maria!" he breathes, then sinks upon his knees.

As one gray ocean billow the mass before him rises—subsides—slowly, silently; then the crash of an overturned bench above in the choir loft, and a small swaying figure is gathered close in two strong arms.

Again it is "la veille de Noël." In a Continental city a woman, honour laden, sings to an Imperial court. As the world-thrilling voice rises and falls, and the great brown eyes, glowing with love and tenderness seek and find those of a man standing in the shadow of a group of palms, the brilliant scene before her fades—

Again an organ throbs hope and joy into her soul, new life into her dulled pulses—again comes the scent of fir and pine, mingling with heated varnish and incense.

The glorious voice rises—again women sob and men breathe heavily—Christ is born!—Verily, life is triumphant—love is triumphant!

THE RESPONSE.

I DREAMED of Life; I called to her;

I heard her all about me stir;

I craved for Life, for she was sweet—

And lo! I found Death at my feet!

O Life! I sought her far and near;

And only Death bent down her ear;

She passed the clouds grown white and gray,

And bore me upward and away.

Then folding me in wings of white,

My face she turned towards the light—

"See! see, poor soul, how shines the sun!

Thou must know Death, when Life is done!"

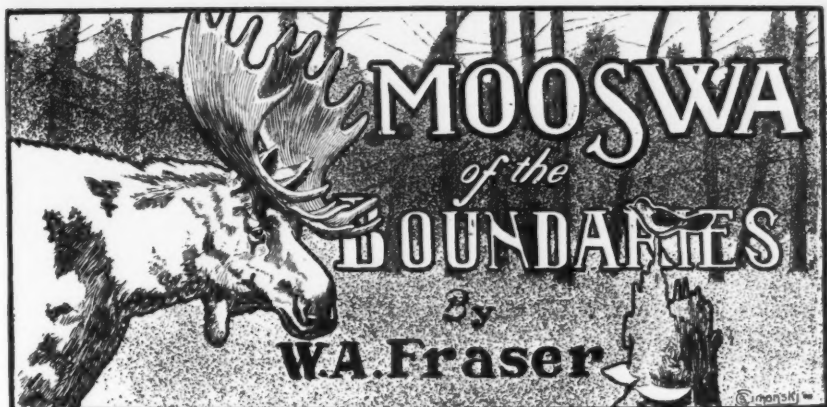
And then she beckoned, smiling sweet—

And lo! I found Life at my feet!

Then knew I Life and Death are one;

And Death is Life, when Life is done!

Amy Kingsland Pennington



CHAPTER IV.—THE COMING OF FRANCOIS.*

NEXT morning, just as the gray of the oncoming day was rolling the night curtain into the forest depths, Muskwa, who was swinging leisurely along, with a walk like a Blue-Jacket, towards the Trappers' camp, discovered Wapoos sitting in his path.

"A snareless runaway to you, little brother! Are you heading for the shack?"

"Yes," bleated Wapoos; I'm still weak from the Seventh Year Sickness and hop badly, I fear."

"Jump up, little chap; your furry stomach will feel warm on my back. Huh! huh! this beastly fog that comes up from the waters of the Athabasca to battle with the sunlight, gets into my lungs. I shall soon have to creep into a warm nest for my long sleep."

"Hast seen any of our comrades?" queried Wapoos, as he lay in the velvet cushion of black fur that was a good four inches deep on Bear's back.

"I heard the bay of Rof, as he called across the Pelican to some one. Here is Nekik's trail, where his belly has scraped all the mud spots.

"Aren't we a funny lot?" giggled Wapoos. "Mooswa's legs are like the posts of Man's cache—so long; and Otter's are like the knots on a tree—too short. See! there goes Black King and his red-headed mother."

"That is the queerest outfit in the

Boundaries," chuckled Muskwa. "The Widow is red, and three of the sons; the babe, Stripes, is brown, with a dark cross on his back; while the King is as black as my daddy was. Sweet honey! but his coat was beautiful—like the inside of a hole on a pitch-dark night. There is a family of half-breeds up at the Landing, just like the Widow's lot. Some are red-haired, some are brown, and some are black. I saw them once fishing at Duck Lake."

"Did they see you, Muskwa?"

"Am I not here, little brother—therefore their eyes were busy with the fish. Wu-u-f-f! I catch the scent of Man; jump down, Wapoos; push through the willows and tell me what seest thou?"

Bear sat on his haunches and waited.

"There's a white lodge," reported Rabbit, as he hopped back, "and inside is a throat-call that is not of our comrades."

"That's a Man's tepee; most like it was the Boy's song your big ears heard."

They went forward gingerly, Wapoos acting as pilot. In a little open space where Red Stone Brook emptied into the Athabasca, was a small "A" tent. The two comrades lay down in the willows to watch. Soon they were

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act, 1900.

joined by Black King. Otter was already there. Then came Blue Wolf and Mooswa. As Carcajou joined them, Whisky-Jack fluttered into the centre of the party.

"That's a tent," he said with the air of a courier explaining the sights to a party of tourists. "The Boy is putting on his skin. Do you hear his song-cry?"

"He hath a full stomach," growled Rof, "for his voice is full of content. What is the cry, Bird of Knowledge?"

"It's a song of my Crow cousins. I'll repeat a line for your fur-filled ears:—

"There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be;
Said one of them unto his mate,
Let's catch old Carcajou to ate!"

"All of a kind flock together," retorted Wolverine: "Birds and Boys and Fools."

Jack chuckled. To have roused Carcajou's anger was something to start the day with.

"Plenty of water to you all, comrades," greeted Beaver pleasantly, patting a smooth seat for himself with his tail, as he joined the others.

"Where is the Man?" queried Black King.

"Sleeping," answered Jack. "He makes a noise with his nose like fat Muskwa does when he runs from Grizzly."

"That's a pretty lodge," remarked Beaver critically. "When will they flood it?"

"Stupid! They don't live in the water," reproved the Jay. "If it is wet they make a little hollow path and run the water off."

"Is that a dead-fall, Jack?" asked Muskwa, pointing his grey nozzle at a small square building that was three logs high.

"It's their lodge; they started it yesterday."

"Poor building!" declared Umisk. "The first flood will undermine the corners and down it will come. Have they no trowel-tails to round it up with good blue clay?"

"Umisk, you should travel. Your ideas are limited. Have they not built their lodge on high ground where there will be no flood?"

"But they'll freeze in the winter," persisted Beaver. "The water would keep them warm if they flooded it."

"They've got a stove," the courier answered.

"What's a stove?" asked Lynx.

"You'll find out, Mister Cat, when they make bouillon of your ribs. It's that iron thing with the one long ear."

"Is that their breakfast—that pile of wood meat?" queried Beaver.

"Yes, meat for the stove," piped Jack. "Do you think they have teeth like a wood ax, and eat bark, because you do?"

"They have got queer teeth, sure enough," retorted Trowel-Tail. "See this tree stump, cut flat from two sides, all full of notches as though a Kit-Beaver, who didn't know his business, had nibbled it down. How in the name of good workmanship they can fall trees into a stream that way I can't make out. This tree fell on the land and they had to carry the logs. They're silly creatures, and have much to learn."

"There's the Boy!" whispered Jack.

They all peered eagerly at the door of the tent, for a white-skinned hand was unlacing it. Then a fair face, with rosy cheeks, topped by a mass of yellow hair, was thrust through the opening, and presently a lad of about fourteen stepped out, stretched his arms upward and commenced whistling like a bird.

"That's the Boy-call," said Black King, in a soft voice. "Listen, comrades, so that we may know it. François gives voice to the Man-call: 'Hi, yi! hi, yi! E-e-e-g-o-o-o!' Which means in their talk: 'Hear! hear! It is I—I—a Man!' That is because they claim to be Lords of all the Animal Kingdom, even as I am Ruler in our own Boundaries."

"François! François!" called the Boy, putting his face inside the tent; "the sun is up, the fog is gone, and I'm as hungry as a wolf."

Rof started. "Gur-r-r! how does the cub know my stomach is lean because of the Seventh Year Famine?"

A pair of sharp, black eyes gleamed from the tent-flap. They belonged to the Half-Breed Trapper, François.

"Move back a little, brothers, into the willows," whispered the King; "he has devil-eyes."

François came out, took his ax and made some shavings from a jack-pine stick.

"Will they eat that?" asked Beaver.

The Half-Breed stepped over to a birch tree, peeled from its side a handful of silver, ribbonlike bark, and lighted it with a match; it blazed and crackled like oil-soaked shavings. Then he shoved it into the stove, put chips and three sticks of wood in, shut the door, and thick black smoke curled up from the stove pipe. The animals stared with extraordinary interest.

Whisky-Jack craned his head, and watched the effect of this magic on his comrades.

"That's the Devil-thing that destroyed all the birds and their eggs," said the Red Widow. "It's the Man-fire."

The Blue Wolf was trembling. "E-u-h! E-u-h!" he whined; "Man's fire-medicine! It grows like the wind and destroys like the Rabbit plague. Once seven brothers of mine stalked a Man and he started the fire-medicine."

"What happened, Rof?" asked Carcajou.

"The Man escaped."

"And your seven brothers?"

"This red-poison ate them as Otter devours a fish—bones and all."

"I think the stove is a good thing," decided Black King. "The Man-fire is in a trap."

"Yes, the fire-trap is a good thing," concurred his mother, "if we wish to save the Birds."

"And the Rabbits!" added Lynx.

"And the berries!" grunted Muskwa.

"The purple Moose-weed grows after the fire has eaten the forest," mused Mooswa; "and if it glows hot

and red on this side of the river I swim to the other."

"It's all right for you, Long-Legs, Pudding-Nose, Bob-Tail," giped Whisky-Jack; "but the Law of the Boundaries is for the good of all. I hate the hot coals falling on my feathers when the forest is on fire."

The smoke curled lazily toward the river, away from the animals. Suddenly it veered about, and the pungent perfume of the burning birch-bark came toward them.

Mooswa straightened his massive head, spread the nostrils of his great cushion-shaped nose, cocked his thick ears forward intently, and discriminated between the different scents that came floating on the sleepy morning air.

"The fire-breath—Wh-e-e!" It tickled a cough in his throat. The odour of the Half-breed—ugh! he knew that—it was the Man-smell. But stop! What? A something out of the long ago crept into his sensitive nostrils and touched his memory. Surely it had once been familiar!

The Boy crossed directly in the path of the wind, and Mooswa got it stronger. Then he knew. His big eyes glistened softly, eagerly; it was the scent of the Boy he had played with at the Hudson's Bay Fort.*

"Comrades," he gurgled, for something was in his throat, "have I not told you of the Boy who was the Factor's young?"

"Whenever you got a chance!" snapped Whisky-Jack.

"Well, that's my Boy there. I'd like to rub my nose against his rose-flowered cheek."

"Bring a pot of water," said François to his comrade, "while I cut up the fish."

"Great suckers!" exclaimed Nekik. "Fish! and a beauty, too. It's a Tulabie. I know them; they're first cousins to Whitefish. These Men have fine taste—a fish diet makes one clever."

"It does!" declared Mink.

*When Mooswa was a calf, he had been a pet at a H. B. Post.

"It's better than roots!" concurred Muskrat.

"Slow birds! It makes me hungry," sighed the Red Widow.

"So it does me, good dame," piped Whisky-Jack. "You chaps had better slip away home now; I'm going to breakfast with the Men. It isn't safe to remain, for I can't stop to look after you."

"Go and clear the plates, Feather-Front," cried Carcajou, malignantly.

Jack sawed the air energetically with his wings and lighted on the wire guy with which François had steadied the stovepipe.

"Shall we move, comrades?" asked the King.

"Wait and see how Jack gets on with the Boy," pleaded Mooswa.

"I could sit here and smell that fish all day," declared Nekik.

"So could I," added Mink. "It's just lovely. I've never tasted fish dried in the firepot. I stole some once from a Trapper, which he had dried in the sun—there was no juice in it."

"Pe-e-p! Peep!" squeaked Whisky-Jack. The Boy looked up at him.

"What a frowsy-headed old Jay," he exclaimed, shying a stick at the Bird on the wire.

Muskrat dug Mooswa in the ribs with his big paw. "We'll see fun yet if we wait," he chuckled thickly.

"Don't bodder 'bout dat fell'," remonstrated François; "dat's only Whisky-Jack."

"Only what?" asked the lad.

"What dey call Canadienne Jay—Whisky-Jack."

"Shall I shoot him?"

"No; dat fell' no good; he's not wort' de powder an' s'ot."

Jack heard a faint giggle come up from the gray willows, for Wolverine had his big-clawed fist half-way down his throat to choke the sound of laughter.

"Our clerk's Men friends are complimentary," remarked Black King.

The Boy cut a small piece of fat pork, stuck it on the end of a sharp stick, and busied himself somewhat at the stove-front; but the watchers could

not quite see what he was doing. "I think I'll give Jay some breakfast," he said suddenly; "the Bird seems hungry." And, straightening his back, he threw toward him the lump of pork.

With a pleased chuckle Jack swooped down upon it and drove his beak into the white mass like a lance. Then he went through a rare set of gymnastic contortions, for the wicked Boy had heated the pork red-hot. Jack clawed at it with his feet and burnt his toes—his tongue was blistered.

"What's that noise?" exclaimed Rod, as a distinct muffled laugh escaped from the band of animals.

"It's de float-ice groundin' on de ribber-banks, I tink me," answered François, cocking his head sideways to listen.

As the animals slipped away in alarm, Jack came fluffing after them and perched himself indignantly on Mooswa's great antlers.

"Oh, my giant brother!" he cried furiously; "come and kill that debased Man-cub, I beg you."

The Moose's shaggy sides were heaving with suppressed laughter. "What has he done, sweet Bird?" he moaned.

"Taken the skin off my toes and blistered my tongue."

"Why don't you wear boots as I do and not knock around barefooted? I should always be jamming my toes if I hadn't these thick-soled boots. Why, last year when the big fire was on I went through miles of burning country and except a little hardening up of the soles got no harm."

"But you don't wear boots on your tongue, do you?" asked the Bird crossly.

"No, Silent-one, I don't—neither do you; but if you'll just wrap it up for a few days and give it a rest I'm sure it will be all right."

"Do," cried Carcajou; "we shan't mind. I suppose that's what the Boy calls his tongue trap—he knew for whom to set it, too."

"Come and trample him with your sharp hoofs, dear Mooswa," pleaded

Whisky-Jack, the lack of sympathy and the chaff making him furious.

"Oh, sit still if you're going to ride on my horns," exclaimed the Bull. "You're jigging about——"

"As though he had corns," interrupted Carcajou.

"It was so nice of you, Whisky-Jack," said Lynx in an oily tone, "to take care of us all while we were there—wasn't it? Some of us might have burned our tongues only for your destroying the hot bait."

When the animals got back to their meeting-place, which was known as the Boundary Centre, they stopped for a little to compare notes.

"Comrades," said Mooswa, "little have I claimed from you. I kill not anything; neither the Fox-cubs, nor the sons of Umisk, nor the red-tailed Birds that beat their wings like drums, nor anything. But this new law I ask of you all in the face of the King: for the Boy that was my Man-brother, the safeguard of the Boundaries."

"You have not had the hot meat thrust in your throat, friend of the rascally Boy," objected Jack angrily.

"Hush, chatterer!" growled Bear; "let Mooswa speak."

"The horn-crowned Lord of the Forest gives expression to a noble sentiment," declared Pisew. "By all means let the Kit-Man grow free of the Boundary Fear, until his claws are long and his bone-cracking teeth are strong."

"He must have a mother also," said the Red Widow softly. "You have allforesworn malice to my babe, Stripes, until he is of full strength—let the Man-cub have the same guard."

"What about François?" objected Whisky-Jack. "By my stone-crop! I'll wager he taught that chick the trick of the hot pork."

"For him," continued Mooswa gravely, "in defence of our rights and our lives, the full law of the forest; by night, the lone road and the cry of Blue Wolf and his brothers; by day, the strong clasp of Muskwa; at close quarters, the stamp of my hoofs; and for his traps and their bait the cunning of Carcajou and Black King."

"This is fair—it is a good law," said Black Fox.

"It is!" they all cried in chorus.

"I am satisfied!" added the Moose.

"I think it would be well, subjects," said Black King thoughtfully, "to watch this Man and Man-cub until the setting out of the traps. After that we can regulate our lives in accordance. How long will it take them to build the lodge, clerk?"

"Four days, François told the Boy last evening, as he smoked the scent-flower."

"Then on the fourth day, three or four of us, who are quick travellers, had better go and watch the evil ways of this slayer. What say you all?"

"Most wise King," exclaimed Pisew; "select thou the strong runners."

"Very well; Mooswa, Muskwa, Pisew and myself; also Carcajou, for he has knowledge of Man the Killer's ways."

"I should like to see the lodge when it is finished," whined Beaver, "but my short little forelegs travel not over fast on land."

"So you shall, comrade," growled Muskwa; "you may ride on my back."

"Or on my antlers," suggested Mooswa; "their bowl will be like a cradle for you."

"That's settled then," declared Black Fox. "On the fourth round of the sun we meet at François's shack, in the safety time of the forest, the dawn hour; either that or at dusk hour. What say you, brothers—which shall it be?"

"It would suit me better on account of my work," ventured Umisk, "to go at the dusk hour. I have lost much time lately, and I'm building new lodges for my three-year-old sons, who are starting out for themselves."

"Don't be late then—I go to bed at dusk," lisped Whisky-Jack mincingly, for his tongue was wondrous sore. "I will take note of what the Men do in the meantime."

At sunset on the fourth day Black King and his party once more crouched in the willows at Red Stone Brook. François and his young friend were

just putting some finishing touches to the shack roof—placing the last earth sods on top of the poles.

"Strong teeth! But that is funny!" laughed Beaver. "The Man carried his trowel-tail in his front paws. I wish I could do that. I have to turn around to look when I'm doing a nice bit of plastering." It was the Half-breed's spade that had drawn forth this remark.

"Yes," declared Whisky-Jack wisely, "one time the Men were like you—walked on four legs and used a trowel-tail for their building; now they stand upright, and have shed the trowel, which they use in their hands."

"Wonderful!" soliloquized Umisk; "still, they can't do as good work. Fat poplar! but it's a poor lodge. The only sensible thing about it is the mud roof."

François struck the clod sharply with his spade, setting it into place. "How clumsily the Man works," cried Beaver; "I'm glad my tail is where it is. What's that mud thing sticking up out of the corner, Jay? Is it a little lodge for the Kit-Man?"

"That's a chimney—part of the fire-trap," answered Jack.

"I know what that's like," asserted Carcajou. "I went down one once. The Trapper locked his door, thinking to keep me out while he rounded up his traps. It's a splendid trail for getting in and out of a shack. Why, I can carry a side of bacon up that hole—did it."

"Isn't the Boy lovely?" muttered Mooswa. "Isn't his call sweet? What does François name him, Jack—Man-cub or Kit-Man?"

Just then the Half-breed sang out: "Rod, I t'ink me it's grub time—knock off. De ole s'ack she's finis'."

"Rod?" mused the Moose. "Yes, that is what the Factor used to call him, 'Rod! Rod!' he would shout, and the Boy would run with his little fat legs."

Rod and the Half-breed went inside, closed the door and lighted a candle, for it was growing dark; then they

put a fire in the stove and cooked their supper.

The watchers, eager to see everything, edged cautiously up to the log building. Space for a small window had been left by the builders, but the sash was not yet in place.

"I should like to see that mud-work the Man did with his hand-trowel," whispered Umisk.

"Climb on my horns, little brother," said Mooswa softly, "and I will lift you up."

Beaver slipped around gently on the roof, inspecting François's handicraft, while the others listened at the window.

"By goss! Rod," said the Breed, "I put me a leetle fire in de fireplace for dry dat chimney, s'e's soft. De fros' spoil him when s'e's no dry."

"I believe they have made the chimney too small," muttered Carcajou. "I'm going up to have a look."

"To-morrow we put out dat traps," remarked the Half-breed. "What you t'ink, Boy—I see me dat Black Fox yesterday."

"The Black Fox!" exclaimed his young companion eagerly. "The beauty you spoke of as being in this part of the country?"

The King trembled. Already this terrible Trapper was on his trail.

"Yes; I know me where he have his hole. I put dat number fo'r Beaver traps close by, cover him wid leaves, an' put de fis'-head bait on top. Den we see. We keel plenty fur here dis winter. Dere's big Moose track, too—mus' be Bull."

The King scratched Mooswa's fore-leg with his paw to draw his attention, but the latter had heard.

"I make some snare to-night, an' put him out wid castoreum. Dere's plenty cat here."

Lynx shuddered. "We must help each other," he whined in a frightened voice.

Mooswa felt a little pat on his lofty horn and looked up.

"Lift me down, brother," whispered Beaver.

"Where's Carcajou?" queried the King.

"Poking around the chimney—he made me nervous."

"Wuf!" sniffed Muskwa gently. "The Man burns the stinkweed in his mouth—it's horrible!" François was smoking.

Carcajou was busy examining the mud-and-stick wall of the chimney, which stuck up three feet above the roof. "I'm sure they've made it too small," he muttered; "I'll never be able to get down. That will be too bad. By my cunning! but I'd like to know for sure—I will." For nothing on earth but complete investigation will satisfy a Wolverine's curiosity.

He made a little spring, grabbed the top of the chimney with his strong fore-legs, and pulled himself up. As he did so the soft mud collapsed and sank with a tremendous crash through the hole in the roof, carrying the reckless animal with it.

"Run for it!" commanded the King sharply; "that mischievous devil has made a mess of the business."

"Whif! Wuf! Whif!" grunted Bear, plunging through the thicket.

Black King melted silently into the darkness of the forest as swiftly as a cloud shadow crosses a sunlit plain.

Lynx gathered his sinewy legs and fairly spurned the earth in far-reaching bounds.

"Sit tight, little brother," admonished the Moose, putting his nose straight out and laying the horn-crown back over his withers, as he rushed with a peculiar side-wheel action, like that of a pacing horse, from the little clearing.

When the crash came, François jumped to his feet in amazement. Before he could investigate, the mass of mud upheaved, and a small, dark-

brown body scuttled across the floor, clattered up the wall and vanished through the open window.

Rod stood in speechless amazement while his companion critically examined, by the aid of a candle, the pile of soft mud débris.

"I t'ought me dat," he remarked with satisfied conviction, straightening his back and setting the candle down on the rude plank table. "It's dat Debil of de Woods, Carcajou. Wait you, Mister Wolverine; François s'ow you some treek."

"What was he after?" queried the Boy.

"After for raise Ole Nick. You know what we mus' do? We mus' ketch dat debil firs' or we keel no fur here. He steal de bait, an' cache de trap. 'Spose we go out from de s'ack, dat Carcajou come down de chimney, tear up de clo'es, spill de farin—de flour—t'row de pot in de ribber, an' do ever' fool t'ing what you can t'ink. Never mind, I ketch him, an' I keel him!"

Whisky-Jack had perched on the end of a roof-plate log when the trouble materialized, so he heard this tirade against Wolverine. The Bird could hardly go to sleep for chuckling. What a sweet revenge he would have next day; how he would revile Wolverine! Surely the unfortunate Carcajou had scorched his feet, and mayhap his back!

"I wonder whose toes are sore to-night," the Jay thought. "I hope he got a good singeing—meddling beast! Nice Lieutenant, to upset everything just when we were having such a lovely time! Oh, but I'll rub it into him to-morrow."

To be Continued.



GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS

By R.L. Richardson M.P.

Government ownership of railways is no untried fad. It has been tested in many countries, and with what success I propose to show. Government ownership is merely application by the State of the principle of municipal ownership. State railways could be built and operated under Government control cheaply, intelligently and profitably, for Canada can always borrow money cheaply and can always secure good men to do important work. Politics would not necessarily interfere more under Government ownership than they do now. The control of the railways could be rested in a commission with statutory powers and all employees could be disfranchised if necessary.

THE INTERCOLONIAL.

The opponents of State ownership, who are principally promoters, stock jobbers and others having related interests, have declared through their newspapers that the proposition to have the State absorb existing railways is a visionary and socialistic proposal and unfitted for any purpose other than academic discussion. Fortunately we in Canada have not to fight out the question of the soundness of the principle of State ownership of railways, for the principle is admitted and applied in the case of the Intercolonial Railway, which is constantly cited by the opponents of State ownership as a monumental illustration of the undesirability of State ownership. Fortunately the present situation with regard to that railway is such that it no longer can be successfully used as a bugaboo to scare superficial and un-

thinking people from the logical and only solution of the transportation problem. It may as well be admitted at once that the history of the construction of the Intercolonial Railway is an unpleasant chapter, with its exorbitant claims for injury to property, and its colossal allowances for right-of-way and kindred claims, but with honest and efficient management freed from political control all this could have been avoided. It is true that since the Intercolonial Railway was first operated, the cost of maintenance and operation has very frequently exceeded the receipts. But is this because it was operated by the Government? Assuredly not. It is quite true that in the past a great deal of the manipulation which is called "politics" was mixed up with the administration of the Intercolonial, and doubtless this may be the case to some extent at present, although there are evidences that the evil is being eliminated. If the railway were removed from the direct administration of a political executive and placed in the hands of a permanent administrative commission, as I propose if we go in for State ownership generally, the evil referred to would be entirely eradicated.

The underlying cause of the apparent commercial non-success of the Intercolonial is that commercial profit was not the primary aim of its projection, and I fear that the people of the Maritime Provinces have long regarded it as an accommodation provided by the country for their exclusive benefit (and which they were entitled to use on a benevolent rather than a commercial basis) as an offset to the large canal expenditures in Ontario and the railway expenditures in the West. Then the construction of the Intercolonial Railway was to a large extent military in its significance. It traverses, by a most circuitous and

political rather than commercial route, a country much of which is barren and unproductive, and such as would assuredly be avoided by a private company seeking a profitable route through which to build. Its termini at both ends have been until recently places of no importance as distributing centres, and owing to the pro-C. P. R. policy of former Governments the "national highway" was allowed to milk the Intercolonial, and take the cream of the business which would have gone far to make up deficits and provide interest. It should also be borne in mind that in addition to having the cream taken off its milk by that alert national concern the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Intercolonial has always carried freight for its Maritime Province patrons at rates far below those of the C. P. R. in the rich and rapidly-developing West. In addition to this, it has long been an open secret that both the roadbed and rolling stock have suffered by virtue of a practice long continued, viz.: overloading the cars while charging but a nominal tonnage.

When the great and varied disadvantages under which the Intercolonial has suffered are considered, the surprise really is not so much that it has shown deficits, but that it has been able to pay the cost of maintenance and operation, and occasionally show a balance on the right side of the account. The recent acquisition by the Government of the Drummond Counties Railway, gives the Intercolonial an independent entrance into Montreal, thereby enabling it to reap the benefits of the through freight business. When this bargain was made, Mr. Blair, the Minister of Railways, predicted that he would be able to wipe out the deficits and make the road pay. In a statement which he made to the House of Commons at the end of last June, with reference to the Intercolonial, he pointed out that the railway had paid its way in 1899-1900, and given a surplus of \$120,000. The cost of maintenance had in the meantime increased, and an increase in wages had been given amounting to

\$175,000. This was done because the Government realized that the cost of living had increased. "In 1896-97," said Mr. Blair, "the earnings of the railway amounted to \$2,866,028; in 1897-98, \$3,117,669; in 1898-99, \$3,738,331; in 1899-1900, \$4,533,000—a steady, continuous and marked growth—a growth the possibilities of which were entirely repudiated and denied by hon. gentlemen opposite in their criticism upon the statements which were made."

So much for the reasonable success of Government ownership of railways at home. When a railway which perambulates through a territory such as that traversed by the Intercolonial can be made to show such results under Government ownership, what should be the conditions in the case of the Canadian Pacific, with its enormous through traffic, its easily operated and rapidly increasing business on the prairies, and its valuable and fast developing territory in British Columbia? While the country has generally paid the interest and the capital outlay for the Intercolonial, there are no bonds at five or six per cent. standing against the railway; it cannot be used as a tool for rigging the stock market; no vast land grant was alienated to secure its construction; no enormous tax exemption was a concomitant of its flotation; and no colossal cash subsidy was given to any promoters in connection with it. It cost the country a good round sum, much more than was necessary under efficient and honest management; but the country owns it, and it is now a valuable asset, and in view of Mr. Blair's statement, it is, perhaps, not going too far to predict that it will soon pay interest on cost.

So much for the Intercolonial.

AUSTRALIA.

Having glanced at the workings of private and public owned railways in Canada, let us turn to other countries and take a hurried glimpse at their experience. Let us turn first to Australia. Owing to the geographical con-

ditions of the Australasian colonies, private capital could not be induced to take hold of railway construction and so, fortunately for the country, as railway transportation was indispensable to the development of the colonies, the State undertook the work. The revenues from the railways, mainly on account of the sparseness of settlement, did not pay all the interest upon the capital invested in their construction, but the traffic tolls were relatively very low, and the development and prosperity due to those low tolls can never be fully estimated or appreciated. The railways were used as powerful auxiliaries to colonization and the settlement of remoter districts promoted by the proportionately low transportation charges. In Western Canada, or in remote, unsettled regions, the reverse is the case, as the farther the pioneer penetrates into the interior the greater the ratio of increase in his transportation burden. The same rule applies in Australia in reference to passenger rates, but as in freights so in passenger rates in Canada. The increase in population, and consequently of traffic volume, is gradually converting these Australasian railways into valuable assets in themselves, quite apart from their enormous economic value as factors in the settlement and development of the colonies. I quote the following editorial extract from the *Australasian*, of Sidney, of recent date as showing what has been accomplished:

"The lines open for traffic cost about £130,000,000 to build, and the net return for the financial year 1896-7 was equal to 3.27 per cent.; and as the actual rate of interest payable on outstanding loans was 3.96 per cent., the deficit on the whole system was 0.69 per cent. Place over against this deficit the enormous assistance rendered by the railways to the work of colonization, and it will be admitted that the help was wonderfully cheap at the monetary price. The net result for the year 1897-8 was 3.07 per cent., a slight falling off probably due to the resumption of construction, lines having been added which have yet to make their traffic. For the present year, now in its last quarter, the revenue prospects are excellent.

What we plead for is the broad view of railway service and charges. During the

last ten years the tariffs have been considerably reduced. As far as circumstances have permitted, the Governments have eased the lot of settlers, who have always to reckon with the vagaries of climate and the persistent tendency of commodity values to fall. We hope this policy will be continued into the future. Graziers and agriculturists and miners should be cheered by the prospect of lighter burdens. When they prosper, all of us prosper."

Some figures regarding Australia's railways, of a very interesting and instructive character, were contained in an article on Government Ownership of Railways, by Hugh M. Lusk, in the *North American Review* for last December. I quote:

"What then has been Australia's experience of the cost of railroad construction, and how does it compare with America's experience? The Australian lines have been made at an average cost of \$48,930 per mile. There, as here, all the lines have not been made on the same scale, nor have they all been equally costly, but it may be said with confidence that with the exception of four or five of the greatest lines of this country, none others exceed the national railroads of Australia either in construction or equipment, while not a few compare very unfavourably with them in both respects. The cost of constructing and equipping the railroads of this country has amounted—if the returns made by the companies themselves are to be relied upon—to an average of upwards of \$56,000 per mile, or about \$7,000 more than the people's lines in Australia. It is evident, therefore, that it is no necessary incident of Government railway construction that the people should be plundered in the process. The testimony of experts and the yet more convincing evidence of the traffic carried on and the maintenance make it clear that the people of Australia have succeeded in obtaining quite as good value for their money as the railway kings of America have been able to get for theirs.

This, however, is by no means all that has been gained by the people of Australia and denied to those of America. Not only have their railroads been supplied to them at a less cost per mile; not only have more miles been supplied in proportion to the number of the settlers; the money which went in building and equipping the lines cost a good deal less than that which was spent on the American lines. At first sight this may appear remarkable, but it is, after all, one of the elements in the whole question which cannot be overlooked. The credit of the whole people is always better than that of any part of it, however wealthy that part may be; and hence a whole community can borrow money more cheaply than any railroad company whatever within that community. The Governments of Aus-

tralia are young, and the people are not yet numerous, compared with other nations, while they are few indeed compared with the millions of America; yet they are able, with ease to borrow such money as they need for public works at an average rate of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to-day. When the policy of constructing railroads at the public cost was inaugurated, money was more costly; but the average interest now payable on the whole of the railway loans, amounting to upwards of \$600,000 for the whole of the colonies, is barely $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. It is only necessary to point out that the average interest on the bonded debts of the American lines is five per cent., and that in addition to this dividends are earned and paid upon a merely nominal paid-up capital, amounting to nearly two per cent. more, to make it evident that the people of Australia have obtained their railroads at hardly more than half the annual charge for interest which falls on the American people."

If the comparison is good so far as American lines are concerned it is certainly good as applied to Canada.

I continue to quote from Mr. Lusk:

"When the Australian people had borrowed the money with which to construct and equip their railways, they knew exactly what they had cost them, and what they must pay in interest year by year for the advantage; nobody knows—nobody ever can guess—what the people of America have paid, when they bestowed nearly 90,000,000 of acres of land—much of it the pick of the country—on the capitalists, on whom they conferred at the same time the privilege of charging the people practically what they chose for the privilege of transportation over the lines."

How forcefully this language applies to our own country. If the American policy was unwise, how utterly insane was ours? Indeed, I need not use the past tense; How utterly insane *is* ours, for we are still continuing it, while the Americans have long ago recognized their folly and stopped it. "It may," Mr. Lusk writes, "be reluctantly conceded that governments, if they were honestly conducted, might succeed in building and equipping railroads as well and as cheaply under contract as private capitalists could do, and, in the face of the universal experience of Australia, this can hardly be denied; but it is the custom to treat as almost inconceivable the suggestion that, when constructed, they could be as well or as cheaply operated. Once more the experience of Australia gives a conclus-

ive answer to the question. Taking the returns of traffic on all the American lines in 1897, and of all the Australian lines in the same year, it would appear that the Government railroads in Australia were operated more economically than those of America. In this country the working expenses of the lines absorbed rather more than 70 per cent. of the earnings, leaving rather less than 30 per cent. of earnings to pay interest and dividends on loans and capital; in Australia the working expenses, in the same year, consumed rather more than 58 per cent. of the earnings, leaving nearly 42 per cent. to meet the claims of interest—there being, of course, no dividend payable. It is to be noted that in every one of the Australian colonies the rates of wages for railroad workers of all grades, except the highest, are distinctly higher than for the same class of workers in America; and also that the average rates for both goods and passengers are certainly not five per cent. higher than they are upon the lines of this country. That they are higher at all is caused by the fact that the policy adopted favours keeping the charges as low in the newest and most scantily settled districts reached by the lines as in the older and more densely peopled districts." Mr. Lusk submits a significant table of comparisons between Australia and the United States, and as it doubtless applies with equal force in our own Dominion, I reproduce it on the following page.

It was never intended that the national railroads of Australia should yield any direct profit to the State, but if they are able to pay their way now, and afford such cheap facilities to the public, what will they be able to do when the country fills up with people and the traffic equals that of a railway serving a dense population such as exists on this continent? The purpose of the State-owned railroads in Australia is the benefit of the settlers, and that alone; and in most of the colonies the traffic rates are kept below the level which yields enough to pay the actual charge for interest, on the

Country.	Capital Cost.			Working expenses in proportion to gross revenue, 1897.	Per train mile run.		
	Total cost in millions of dollars.	Cost per mile.	Revenue return per cent.		Gross revenue.	Working expenses.	Net revenue.
America under private ownership.	9,977	\$56,715	4.01	70.4	\$1.36	\$0.98	\$0.40
Australia under State ownership..	628	48,930	2.98	58.7	1.47	.87	.60

ground that policy demands and justifies such rates. They open the country to more extensive settlement, and the deficit will be paid to the Treasury in land rents, and in the prices paid for the freehold of lands, which, in Australia at least, have not been given away to the capitalists. Such deficiencies in railway earnings are made a charge against the general revenue, and the average of such deficiency is from a quarter to a half per cent. on the railway loans.

GERMANY.

Having glanced at the results of State administration of railways in the Australasian colonies, where the conditions are much similar to that of Canada, let us consider briefly the situation in older and more densely populated countries. In Germany, which is one of the most wisely governed countries in the world, the railways are owned by the State. Mr. M. G. Mulhall, the eminent Chief Statistician of the British Government, recently published the following figures with reference to Germany's railway system:

"In the last twenty years the State has built 20,000 miles of railway, and at present it owns 25,400 miles, or ninety per cent. of all lines in the Empire. This has powerfully aided the development of all industries by adopting low rates of tariff. The ordinary freight charge is \$1.50 for carrying one ton of freight 100 miles, as compared with \$3 in Great Britain, while it is only seventy-two cents in

the United States. The cost of the State railways in Germany has been 2,550 million dollars, and the net profit in the year 1894-95 \$127,000,000, equal to five per cent. on the cost. As the Government borrowed the money to buy the railways at four per cent., the Treasury makes a net gain of twenty-five million dollars, besides rendering an immense benefit to the Empire by the reduction of freight charges."

The employees on Germany's railways number 468,000. The best appointments are generally filled by retired army officers. All the employees are under military discipline. The earnings have never been less than 4½ per cent., and in 1895 they reached 5¾ per cent. upon the capital invested. The interest paid on railroad capital in Germany is higher than that paid by railroad companies in Canada or the United States. The reason, however, is not far to seek. Here a railroad company issues stocks and bonds to an extent not only sufficient to construct the road, but to provide large sums of money for the promoters of the enterprise. The result is that, while the earnings of the line are sufficient to pay a good rate of interest upon the cost of construction, they are not sufficient to pay a good rate of interest upon the inflated capital. Rates, on the other hand, are lower in Germany than they are here, because the Government has to raise enough to pay interest only on the cost of the line, while here the companies have to raise

enough, not only to pay the interest on cost, but frequently on bonds and stocks representing the cost several times over.

HUNGARY.

The latest available report of the Hungarian State railroads shows a remarkable increase in profits, owing to the sweeping reductions in passenger rates. In 1888, the year before the reduction took place, the total mileage was 2,829, and the number of passengers carried was 5,648,000. In 1898 the mileage had increased to 4,956, and the number of passengers to 33,146,000.

In the ten years, therefore, the mileage has increased about 75 per cent., and, while the number of passengers carried has increased nearly 560 per cent., the number of passengers carried per mile of road has increased from 1,700 in 1888, to nearly 7,000 in 1898. In the same time passenger earnings have increased 215 per cent., and earnings per mile from \$1,003 in 1888, to \$1,775 in 1898. In the cost of operation there has been nothing like such an increase as in the traffic, and the net revenue of the road shows a wonderful expansion.

The system under which this great increase of traffic has taken place is known as the "zone" system. Under this system Hungary is divided into thirteen zones circling out from Budapest, which forms the centre. The first zone out from the centre is 15.5 miles wide; the others up to the 11th are each 9.3 miles wide; the 11th and 12th 15.5 miles again, and all points in the kingdom beyond the 12th fall into the 13th zone. The fare from Budapest to any point within the first zone, or a distance of 15.5 miles, is ten cents, and ten cents is added for each zone up to the 11th. For each zone beyond the 11th, twenty cents per zone is added. It is possible, therefore, for a passenger to travel 145.7 miles for \$1.60, or about a cent per mile. These fares are for third-class accommodation without heavy baggage.

Before the zone system was adopted in Hungary, the railways were only paying 3.48 per cent.; after the adoption of that system they paid 6 per cent. in 1892, and while in 1889 the Austrian railways paid 4.01 per cent., in 1894 they paid 4.08 per cent.

In Belgium whilst the State-owned railways have reduced passenger and freight rates fifty per cent., and have, as in Germany, doubled the wages of employees, they net a profit to the Government of over four million dollars per annum. In India where a large railway mileage is owned and operated by the Government, the rates on both freight and passenger traffic are astonishingly low, and the railways are operated at a profit.

CANADA.

Surely the logical conclusion of the data presented and arguments advanced is that Canada should own the railway systems of the country. I am quite aware that such a proposition will not only startle the financially interested citizens, but will cause many well-meaning people to open their eyes with surprise. The proposition would be certain to meet with cries of "Confiscation," "Socialism," etc., from all quarters, but that need not disturb any true reformer. No one proposes to confiscate any railway property, and all good citizens would be disposed to allow the bond and stock holders a fair value for any property acquired by the State. There is in British law a principle which recognizes the power and authority of the State to assume for its own purposes any property real or personal to whomsoever belonging. This paramount power of the State exists whether or not it has received specific recognition in our laws. Whether specified or not, all contracts between parliaments and individuals or corporations are made subject to the exercise of the principle above referred to. No parliament at any time has the authority to waive the right of the people to exercise this power in regard to any matter. Once the people determine that the business of railway

transportation is, like the police service, the mail service and the military defence of the country, not a proper subject for private exploitation, and make up their minds to acquire any railway or all the railways, there is nothing to prevent their doing so. Once the principle of the power to expropriation is settled, the difficulty of fixing the remuneration would occur. This, however, could be done by a commission of able and courageous experts. Canada would have an excellent precedent in the action of Switzerland which acquired the railways of the country a few years ago. By a popular vote of the people (the referendum being in vogue there) the desirability of nationalizing the railways was settled in February, 1898, the vote standing 375,000 in favour to 175,000 against. Much deliberation has been given in Switzerland to the question of compensation, but one thing seems clear that the Swiss people do not propose to give much consideration to the alleged inviolable sanctity of watered stock. They propose to pay a full and a fair price for the railways based upon their actual cost, and that is the only basis upon which Canada should acquire any or all of the railways within its territory should it decide to nationalize any or all of the railways. For my own part, in view of the geographical construction of the country, I am disposed to think that if the State controlled one transcontinental line, it could, by enforcing reasonable tariffs thereon, pretty effectively control the country's transportation in the interests of the people. It was because of this consideration that so many Western people keenly regretted the handing over of the Rainy River railway (the new outlet from the Western wheatfields to the East) to a private corporation, as was done last year. The same considerations operated in connection with the Crow's Nest Pass railway when it was allowed to pass into the hands of the Canadian Pacific with public subsidies of more than sufficient value to construct it.

If the more cautious of our citizens

deem it too bold and risky a step to nationalize all the railways, let me at least plead for the nationalization of at least one transcontinental railway, or the completion of one by the State, so that some efficient check would be exercised upon the lines that now exist. If our statesmen cannot be induced to go even that far, let them at least cease, by the prodigal and inexcusable distribution of railway subsidies which goes merrily on, extending and perpetuating the present vicious railway policy. In all conscience, this promiscuous and lavish distribution of railway subsidies should be brought to a speedy termination; the marvel is that the people seem to view it with comparative complacency. Unfortunately most of them do not comprehend its gravity. Some day they will realize the gigantic blunder that has been perpetrated and then there will be trouble—for themselves as well as for the guilty politicians.

I cannot do better in conclusion than quote a few sentences from an able writer, previously drawn upon in this series, and to whose language I heartily subscribe: "We have no hesitation in asserting that more than aught else, or everything else combined, not excluding even the protective tariff, has the railway policy of the country been the means of lowering the moral tone of its politics, and consequently of inflicting gross injury and severe material loss on the mass of the people. The situation is a serious one and its seriousness is increasing. The problem cannot be solved, nor the trouble cured by the anodyne of fatuous self-gratulation on Canadian 'prosperity,' a prosperity which is largely confined to a limited number of Canadians. Nor can the disease be got rid of by allowing ourselves to be intoxicated into a fancied security by an unscrutinizing acceptance of the vague, optimistic, and more or less incoherent stump-speech balderdash which is almost the sole ingredient of the utterances of our politicians when dealing with the question. We venture the assertion that few, if any, of our statesmen have a thorough grasp of its meaning and im-

portance. Moreover, it is a problem whose solution demands the development of qualities and the practice of methods so different from those which our politicians as a class have hitherto cultivated and practised, that only the pressure of a thoroughly informed, aroused and peremptory public opinion will induce them to see what the public interest is and to adopt the proper methods to promote it. The policy of the politicians when in power, with very few exceptions, has been to ally

themselves with the interests which are incompatible with and even hostile to those of the public. This may seem to be a sweeping stricture and may even be thought to be calumnious. But it is no calumny as every observant citizen knows. It is the absolute truth and there is nothing to-day so badly wanted in the public life of Canada as simple truth and plain English speaking, except it be possibly a strong infusion of masculine 'intellect.'

THE END.

Woman's Sphere

Edited by
Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

The best and truest greetings and good wishes of the season to the women workers of Canada, and to those also whom they hold dear.

HAVE you read Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson's fascinating book, "A Woman Tenderfoot," yet? If not, you have a treat before you. The artistic appearance of the book attracts one

A WOMAN
TENDERFOOT.

immediately, and it is safe to say one can not read a page before the charm of the writing makes it hard to lay the book aside until it is finished. When it is read a great longing for summer days and the joys of camp life seizes those, at least, who have been able from past experience to fully appreciate Mrs. Seton-Thompson's enthusiasm. A real debt is due to both Mr. and Mrs. Seton-Thompson for the good they have done in awaking a great interest in the animal kingdom, and in the charm of outdoor life, among thousands of the readers of their charming books.

With the autumn begins, for many women, the perplexing problem of how to accomplish the never-ending round of calling and attend-

THE CALLING SEASON. ance at numberless social functions, and yet have time sufficient

for home duties, for a share in religious or philanthropic work, with some to spare for companionship with their children, for reading, and for keeping up those accomplishments which were acquired at the cost of so much labour in the first place. This is, of course, a problem of city life only, for in smaller places the necessary limitation of numbers makes paying visits the pleasurable relaxation it ought to be, rather than the burden which so many city women declare it is to them. A bride said to me lately, after her post-nuptial reception, "I have had nearly three hundred callers. It was very kind of them to come to see me, but how can I do any of the other things I want to do in my life with such a host of visits to keep up. There will also be calls to make on new-com-

ers, and calls after dinners and receptions. The fact that so many "duty" visits have to be made has, unfortunately, done away with much of the spirit of old-time sociability, and this is sincerely to be regretted. Under present conditions a woman who has a wide circle of acquaintances has to crowd as many visits as possible into an afternoon. She goes to a friend's house on her "day," finds the drawing room already full of other callers, shakes hands with her hostess, but has no chance of more than a word with her, speaks to the visitor who is next her, and then rushes off again as soon as she can, to repeat the same experience many times before returning home. Truly, there is little time for forming real friendships in the social life of the present day. In Montreal and Halifax the social leaders have considered this question, and have decided that "something must be done." They agreed, therefore, that at least they would not call after teas or receptions, and instead they leave cards as they take their departure from these affairs. If unable to accept these invitations they send cards with regrets, but do not call afterwards. For even this lessening of social duties many matrons in these cities are devoutly thankful. As this is a matter of personal interest to thousands of women, an expression of opinion from readers of *Woman's Sphere* is invited.

The Board of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church which held the nineteenth annual meet-

ing in Toronto recently, WOMEN AT WORK. has no less than 25 missionaries in its list, and the members which number about 8,000 will have to raise \$45,495 during the coming year to meet the appropriations that were made by the Board. An important piece of legislation was the change made in the basis of representation on the Board from one delegate to every 800 members, to one delegate to every 1,000 members. The advisability of the travel-

ling expenses of delegates being paid by the bodies for which they act, was well exemplified at these meetings. Not only was there equality of representation from all the Conferences, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but there was an additional advantage in the fact that those who attended were those best fitted to take part in the discussions, and otherwise to represent the branches to which they belonged.

The delegates who attended the recent annual meeting of the Provincial Branch of the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons will long have affectionate recollections of the many kindnesses they received while in Kingston, and of the success which attended the Conference throughout. The presence of Mrs. Dickenson and Mrs. Davis of New York was a great inspiration, and the addresses they gave were all of much value. The drive given by the City Council, the two receptions, and the organ recital in the Cathedral in honour of the delegates were also much enjoyed.

In order to relieve the President, Lady Taylor, of as much work as possible, the office of the National Council of Women of Canada has been moved from Ottawa to Toronto, and Miss T. F. Wilson, Corresponding Secretary, has taken rooms at 71 Brunswick Avenue. The autumn meetings of several Local Councils have been held, and the programme of work for the winter, which naturally varies in the various localities according to local requirements, has been decided upon.

The annual Conventions of the Provincial W.C.T.U. in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, have been held during the last month, and were all well attended and successful. In Ontario the retirement, on account of ill health, of Mrs. Thornley from the presidency, which she has held for many years, was deeply regretted, as was that also of the other officers, who from various reasons were unable to accept re-election. The Ontario Board is completely changed.

The Woman's Aid Loan Association of Chicago, which lends small sums of money to deserving women, to be repaid in small weekly instalments, without interest, is doing a most helpful work. In the ten months of its existence \$600 has been loaned, and so far not a single loan has been lost.

The Quebec Ladies' Curling Club held their third annual meeting on Nov. 1st, when they elected a large and representative Board, with Lady Casault as Honorary President.

The Protestant Orphans' Home in Montreal recently held a most successful "Pound Party," a goodly supply of groceries and other provisions being sent by the guests who were present in large numbers. This is an example that other institutions might copy with advantage to themselves.

Many women will be glad to know that the members of the Froebel Society have pledged themselves by resolution not to wear birds, ospreys or wings as ornaments.

The members of the Royal family are fond of the use of pet names among themselves, so it is said. The Duke of York is called "Macdull," and the Duchess of Fife is "Her Royal Shyness." Little Prince Edward of York has been known as "the new boy," and the Princess Patricia of Connaught, born on St. Patrick's day, is familiarly called "Paddy."

A Canadian woman who has been very prominently before the eyes of the world this year has been Madame Dandurand of Montreal,

MADAME DANDURAND. who has held the proud position of Canadian Commissioner (the first woman Commissioner ever appointed by the Canadian Government) at the Paris Exposition, and has done honour to that position, as her countrywomen are glad to know. Madame Dandurand is the wife of Hon. Senator Dandurand, and is the second daughter of the late Hon. F. G. Marchand, formerly Premier of the Province of Quebec, whose death oc-

curred in September last. Bright, vivacious, and popular with all who know her, no better choice could have been made by the Government of a woman to represent Canadian women in Paris than Madame Dandurand, who has taken a prominent part in the various Congresses that have been held there, and who has won many friends during her sojourn there among the representative women of other countries.

At home in Montreal she holds several important offices in the various societies, being Vice-President of the Local Council of Women, Vice-President of the Women's Historical Society, and Hon. Secretary of the French Committee in connection with the local branch of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

As a writer she also has an enviable reputation, having founded a monthly literary magazine, *Le Coin du Feu*, and has carried it on for several years. She has written and published among other things a book entitled, "Les Contes de Noël," a volume of essays, and three comedies called respectively "Une Rancune," "La Carte Postale," and "Le Langage des Fleurs," all of which have been performed in Montreal and Quebec.

In appearance Madame Dandurand is below the medium height, has large dark eyes, and a clever expressive face which is full of animation when in conversation. She speaks English very fluently, and cannot understand why all English-speaking Canadians do not learn to speak French equally well.

A pretty story concerning Her Majesty the Queen is told by the Dean of Windsor. Recently the Dean was visiting one of the housemaids at Windsor Castle who was ill. One day he found her in a state of much excitement, and as soon as he entered her room she said, "Oh, sir, who do you think came all the way up those stairs to see me to-day? It was the Queen, and when she came in she said, 'My dear, those stairs are very trying. I had to sit down when I was half-way up to rest.'" The rare good sense dis-

played by the Queen in the training of her children might well be copied by many mothers. It is said that the Empress Dowager of Germany had a hasty temper when she was a little girl and quick, hot words came readily to her lips. The Queen did not punish her little daughter for these outbursts of temper, but one day gave her a little garden of her own, and advised her when anger got the better of her judgment to go and work in it for a few minutes. The plan acted like a charm, and a short time among the flowers brought back the little Princess ashamed and repentant to beg forgiveness.

E. C.

MRS. KRUGER AT HOME.

(By the *Toronto Globe* correspondent with the *Second Canadian Contingent*.)

THE former residence of ex-President Kruger in Pretoria is quite unpretentious, and is absurdly outshone by those of the members of the Cabinet, judges and other officials who made Pretoria their home. Some of these latter are very magnificent indeed. There are two on the street leading out to the British Residency which would attract attention anywhere. The architecture of the newer structures in the Transvaal, and indeed of the Orange Free State, is remarkably tasteful. The Presidency, Bloemfontein, and the Raadzaal, Pretoria, are beautifully proportioned buildings, and in the highest taste. The same chasteness of design is observable in the larger private dwellings, and these two on the British Residency road are particularly harmonious in line, colouring and surroundings. Handsome iron railings, over which the white and pink blossomed oleanders peep, close them in from the street. Each post of the ponderous iron-scrrolled gate is surmounted by an eagle blazing with its plating of real Witwatersrand gold. A good deal of pure white flashes from the walls of the structure through the semi-tropical shrubbery. Altogether the effect of these stately dwellings is charming.

The President's house, on the other hand, is one-storied, and is not separated from the thoroughfare by more than a dozen feet. An open ditch with running water flows along the side of the road. The street is called Kerkstraat, although among the merchants whose business places line both sides of the other end, it is generally called Church street. Directly opposite the President's house is one of the Dutch Reformed churches. Here Stephanus Paulus Kruger and his family worshipped in days that are gone. On Sunday, June 10, I was one of the worshippers there. Sermon, prayers and hymns were in Dutch, the singing very good. There were plenty of gay bonnets and dresses, showing that the rising generation is less Quakerish in its taste than that which is now passing away.

After the dismissal of the congregation, I saw Mrs. Kruger walk across the street and enter her residence between the two British Tommies who were on sentry there. The presence of the sentries did not betoken that she was under any restraint. It was Lord Roberts' tribute to her position. She was dressed in a plain black silk dress, with a close-fitting dark bonnet of the "cap" order. She did not strike me as being so stout or so large as her photographs had led me to expect. She is very dark-skinned. Her dress had all the appearance of one that is preserved carefully through a long series of years, being put away prayerfully in the bureau-drawer every Sunday evening, and having no unholy hands laid on it until the following Sunday morning.

We have had pictures of the old lady doing all her own work, frying kidneys or sweetbreads and baking grape pie for Uncle Paul, but I fancy there is a good deal of exaggeration about that. Very few white people in the Transvaal do their own work. She may superintend her Dinahs and Sambos, but I have no doubt that in the good old days befoe de wah either a "boy" or "girl" (Kaffirs are boys or girls until they die) woke Mrs. K. and her good

man up every morning with the matutinal cup of coffee—a fillip without which no Boer lady or gentleman could address himself or herself to the duties of the day. Besides, I scarcely ever passed the place, even early in the forenoon, without observing Mrs. Jacobs (Yawkobs), Mrs. Kruger's married granddaughter, a delightful young matron, flitting about in spotless white; and surely she would not take matters so easily if the old lady were burning her cheeks over the frying-pan in the back kitchen.

The position of women in Boerland, meaning practically all of South Africa, is good. Wherever you have slavery, and the lot of the black man in Dutch South Africa is essentially that of a slave, you have a master population, possessing many of the marks of superiority. In the Greek states the more menial kinds of labour were performed almost wholly by slaves. The average type of the free citizen was high. The poets, philosophers, law-givers and sculptors, whom posterity in all lands has combined to admire, were almost all slave-owners, unless we except, on the authority of legend, the greatest name of all. The gentry of the slave-owning South were educated, hospitable and surrounded with many of the refinements of life. In South Africa, while the same standard has not been attained, there is nevertheless a superior air about the white farming population that no observing eye can miss. The men do little or no manual labour. You do not find the patriarchs bent with toil and worn with the ceaseless activity of the struggle against nature that you find in the newer parts of Canada and the United States. The old men sit on the verandahs or stoeps, decently attired, gazing over their wide possessions, and glorying in the fact that their heirs will enjoy equal ease and privileges. The younger men at most of the farms we called at were almost invariably dressed as if for Sunday or a holiday. Perhaps our arrival furnished the excuse for holidaying. But it must be said that there was little sup-

port in all we saw for that view that has been widely circulated, that the Boer of the Free State and Transvaal is an ignorant, slovenly, unwashed boor.

The women having plenty of black help do little more than superintend operations. This, perhaps, is no sinecure, for of all "help" the average South African native is about the most hopeless and distracting. Nevertheless I have seen the mistress of the house on more than one occasion employing the busiest part of the day in reading—a luxury which very few Canadian farmers' wives are able to afford themselves. The dress of the ladies on the farm is usually distinctive and almost uniform. A print Mother Hubbard, with a white starched poke bonnet, made into enormous proportions by accumulations of frills, is its most distinctive features, and the young women look really attractive in this quaint garb. Here and there, of course, on the richer farms, we came across young ladies who, having been to Cape Town to school, were attired in the mode that obtains among young ladies the world over. Speaking generally, the women appear to enjoy a wide authority in their households, and I should say that no important step is taken by the average Dutchman without the advice and concurrence of the good wife having been first obtained.

As the highest lady in the land, we may therefore dismiss the idea that the ex-President's wife was in a worse position in the domestic menage than the ordinary dopper's wife on the farm. The truth is, from all I can learn, that she was neither better nor worse, her ideas being wholly bounded by the simple existence which she lived before the discovery of red, red gold worked a transformation in the Transvaal. This makes it all the more pitiful that the gentle, quiet, simple old lady should, in the dusk of life, be compelled to adventure into scenes that will ill consort with the slumbrous Pretoria days with which she is most familiar.

John A. Ewan.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

IN Britain, the United States, Canada and Newfoundland the parties in power have won the elections. Good times are always the allies of Governments. Because of the difference of conditions in the different countries, no other general conclusion can, however, be drawn. Imperialism was, it is true, an issue in both Britain and the United States; but it was not a defined issue in Canada and it was not an issue at all in Newfoundland. It is hard to determine whether it was his anti-Imperialism or his free silver doctrine which chiefly contributed to Mr. Bryan's very decisive defeat. But it is certain that the free silver issue is the one that will be particularly affected by the result. Free silver has been killed; anti-Imperialism will live and probably gain strength. Mr. Bryan himself is likely to be sacrificed. There are prominent Democrats who still claim that he is the only natural leader of the party, but it is extremely improbable that he will again be selected as a candidate for the Presidency. In England the reconstruction of the Cabinet has excited discussion. Criticism has been especially directed against Lord Salisbury's selection of Lord Lansdowne as his own successor in the position of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Rightly or wrongly, the British people has held Lord Lansdowne accountable for much of the inefficiency displayed by the War Office and also for errors of judgment. His selection was decidedly unpopular and was accepted without strong protest only because of the belief that Lord Salisbury would continue to give a great deal of his personal attention to that department. Lord Lansdowne now has an opportunity to prove that he has been misjudged. He will have this one advantage over some others who might have been appointed, that he is

not disliked by foreign Governments. There was a fear in Europe that Mr. Chamberlain might secure the portfolio or that someone representing his attitude might be appointed. Lord Lansdowne will be able to carry on foreign affairs with a minimum amount of friction.

Newfoundland was called upon to decide whether or not Mr. Reid, the contractor, was to force his will upon the people. As the *St. John's Herald*, put it:—"Mr. Reid owns the railway. He owns the dock. He owns the telegraphs. He owns the bay steamers. He owns the lands, the forests, the mines and the tramcars. Is it desirable in the Colony's interests that he should own the House of Assembly also?" As is well known, Mr. Reid was the contractor who built the Newfoundland transinsular railway. When it was completed, the Government awoke to the realization that it could not possibly be operated except at a heavy loss; and the finances of the Colony were in no condition to stand the extra charges. Mr. Reid then came forward with an offer of \$1,000,000 for the control of all the railways in the Colony, they to become his property at the end of fifty years if he lived up to the agreement as to the number of trains to be run, etc. The other terms of the agreement were that Mr. Reid should be given a bonus of over 3,000,000 acres of land and various concessions, and should take over the Government telegraph lines. In short, Mr. Reid is supposed to have invested something like \$3,000,000 altogether, for property and rights which he is now anxious to hand over to a company floated in England with \$25,000,000 capital. He owns or controls 640 miles of railway, 3,200 miles of steamship routes, 1,000 miles of tele-

graphs, the largest dry-dock in America, the electric lighting and tramways of St. John's and over 3,000,000 acres of land. But the Government refused to sanction the transfer of these properties to a company, and so Mr. Reid attempted to put into power a party favourable to himself. After employing all the arts known to an able man with large interests at stake he signally failed on November 8th to secure the election of more than a mere fraction of the new House of Assembly.

Chinese affairs are still unsettled. It is said that the Powers have agreed upon the terms of settlement. One of these is that eleven Princes and officials shall suffer the death penalty. It is extremely doubtful if the Chinese Government will, or could if it would, carry out this particular demand. And while we must recognize the necessity of the death sentence in certain classes of cases, there is something repugnant to the ideas of strict justice in this demand. It is impossible to determine who were justly accountable for the excesses of a movement that was national in its character. If some are selected, why are others, the Empress-Dowager for example, left off the list? Besides, if they are to be punished for murdering foreigners, why are the Russians, Germans and others of the allies not to be punished for murdering Chinese? Reports that cannot be doubted reveal the fact that some of the allies have taken a terrible vengeance upon the Chinese. If justice is the object, Chinese and foreigners should be tried by the same tribunal; and if the only object is to prevent another rising among the Chinese, then other measures might prove even more effective in a country where life is held so cheap. Of all the recent developments, however, the Anglo-German agreement is most important. Its importance lies not so much in what it says as in what it implies. It says that Britain and Germany agree that the ports on the rivers and seaboard in China should remain free and open to

trade, and that the same principle should be made to apply to all Chinese territory, in so far as the two contracting parties have influence; and that they agree not to take advantage of the present complication to increase their territorial holdings. But there was a proviso that if any other Power obtains territorial advantages in any form whatever, Britain and Germany reserve the right to come to any understanding as to what action they should take to preserve their own interests. In other words, Britain and Germany say they believe in territorial integrity and the open door, but if other Powers will not act on those principles they will not necessarily consider themselves held by them. But the importance of the agreement is not to be found by a strict analysis of its language. It implies an understanding between these two Powers which may be very far reaching. It is virtually a warning to Russia and France that their two chief rivals have united in opposition to any selfish schemes on their part; and, united over China, they may remain united to protect their interests in every part of the world. Austria, Italy and the United States have assented to the same agreement. As to other aspects of general policy toward China, Lord Salisbury made it clear in his Guildhall speech that he does not believe in attempting to govern China, but thinks the Chinese should be left to govern themselves.

Spain has again been disturbed. The Queen Regent appointed General Weyler as Captain-General of Madrid. As a protest against the elevation of the man to whose cruelty the loss of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines is attributed, the Silvela Ministry at once tendered their resignations, which were as promptly accepted. General Azcarraga, a friend of Weyler's, was called upon to form a Ministry and succeeded in doing so. If we may judge by the past record of General Weyler it would seem unfortunate that he should again become a power. It is

said that, on account of the control the Government has over the election machinery, no Government in Spain is ever defeated at the polls. When changes occur they are due to disagreement among the Ministers, voluntary resignations such as this one, or to defeats in the Cortes. The people in Spain cannot express their real opinions at the polls and they are largely at the mercy of intrigues. Perhaps their dissatisfaction may show itself in aiding the Carlist agitation, which some say is gathering strength, but which the Government say is now weaker than ever.

The French Ministry successfully withstood the first attack made upon it in the new session of the Chamber of Deputies. It had been feared that the elements of unrest in France might break forth as soon as the Exhibition was over, but for the present danger has been averted. In Germany the Reichstag is again in session and its proceedings promise to be of more than usual interest.

The South African war still drags along. The pertinacity of the Boers compels admiration in spite of its utter folly. Perhaps when Mr. Kruger's visit to Europe has been seen to fail to enlist any active sympathy, they may prove more amenable. In this connection the incidental effect of the announcement of the Anglo-German agreement over China, in imposing a check upon the inclination of any Government to show sympathy with the Boers, may prove to be considerable. No one knows how comprehensive may be the secret understanding between Britain and Germany, of which that agreement is only one phase.

There has been some criticism directed against the Canadians just returned, because they did not remain in South Africa until the conclusion of the war. From the wording of the

despatch sent by Mr. Chamberlain to the Canadian Government, in answer to an enquiry by the latter, and from some remarks made by Lord Roberts, it would seem that the Imperial authorities would have preferred that the men should remain in South Africa. The circumstances are, of course, well understood in Canada. The declaration attached to the oath of attestation for the Canadian volunteers gave the term of enlistment as six months or one year, if required. Ever since the middle of June the Canadian Infantry had simply been on garrison duty, with the exception of some two or three weeks when it was making forced marches in one of those futile attempts to corner De Wet. Many of the Canadians, who had simply volunteered to lend their services in an emergency, became anxious to return home as soon as it was evident that the active services of the Canadian regiment were no longer needed; and rather than re-enlist for a further term they chose to return at the end of their year of service. In this they were perfectly justified. Nor is it right to draw comparisons between the men who chose to come home and those who re-enlisted until the end of the war, for the simple reason that a large proportion of those who remained were men of the permanent corps, who would only come back to barrack duty in Canada, and who would, therefore, naturally prefer to put in their time in South Africa; and also men of the draft sent out to reinforce the regiment, whose term had only a little more than half expired. The men who returned were volunteers in the true sense of that word. They were men with vocations who took up military duty only in a time of danger and wished to return again, as soon as possible, to their chosen life-work. It is just this spirit we should desire to encourage and cultivate in a country like Canada, and there is a misapprehension of the position of these men, and of what they really undertook to do for the Empire, on the part of those who have criticized them.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE new Premier of Quebec is the Hon. Simon N. Parent, a comparatively modern figure in the world of

QUEBEC'S
NEW
PREMIER.

politics. It is scarcely ten years since he was first sent to the Legislature. That first election of his was by acclamation and is notable as an example of one of the peculiar features of Quebec politics. In that Province the two parties pair off elections in the same way as the members of the Dominion Parliament of different parties pair off votes when there are grave questions to be decided in the House or the Senate and they are unable to be present. Protests against the return of members are also paired off after Canadian elections, but it would seem to be a considerable development of the plan to extend it to the pairing off of constituencies before elections. However, politicians are such peculiar people that, as in the case of Western cowboys, one must learn not to reason why when discussing their conduct.

Mr. Parent was first elected as a supporter of Mr. Mercier, showing that he was a strong party man. It was not in the Legislature that he made his mark, though he has gained in political strength through his connection with it. It is as Mayor of Quebec and promoter of the Quebec Bridge Company that he has made his name. Under his administration, the old city around Cape Diamond has taken on a new aspect. A great city hall has been erected, an electric street railway has been installed, and a few days ago he presided at the laying of the corner-stone of a new bridge across the St. Lawrence. He is president of the company which will build this bridge, a company which has, it is said, a capital of some \$50,000. A man who is able to secure, with such small backing, a Dominion Government bonus of \$1,000,-

000 for his undertaking is fit to rule a kingdom. It shows also that when Canadians are described as being slow and unenterprising, it is said by those who do not know the facts.

The Hon. Mr. Parent has associated with him in the conduct of his Government nearly all the old members of the Marchand Cabinet, and Mr. Lomer Gouin, a new Commissioner of Public Works. Mr. Gouin is a member of a firm of lawyers in Montreal, and a son-in-law of the late Hon. Mr. Mercier. He has been in the Legislature for only three years. Although only in office a short time, this Government has announced a general election.



Canada is a rich country although the ordinary citizen seems not to realize the fact. There is on deposit in the chartered banks of this country to the credit of the public over three hundred millions of dollars.

The loan companies, Government sav-



S. N. PARENT, ESQ., M.P.P.—MAYOR OF QUEBEC CITY AND PREMIER OF QUEBEC PROVINCE.

ings banks, and private banks have another hundred millions. Four hundred millions of dollars on deposit!

Very little of this money is really idle. It is loaned out by the banks to those engaged in business and commerce, or is held by them as security for their bank notes in circulation.

There was a time when Canada did not have bank notes of her own. In the article on the Bank of Montreal in this issue may be found a photograph of the earliest twenty-dollar Canadian bank bill. The date is 1817. Before that time gold and silver coins were the medium of exchange. Of gold coins there were:

Johannes of Portugal (£4 16s.), Moydore (£1 16s.), Carolin of Germany (£1 10s.), Louis D'Or (£1 8s.), and the Spanish or French Pistole (£1 1s.). The silver coins were even more numerous and of them the chief was the Spanish dollar or "piece of eight" (6s.); the others were: French Crown or Six Livre piece (6s. 8d.), French piece (5s. 6d.), British shilling (1s. 4d.), Pistereen (1s. 2d.), French nine-penny piece

(1s.), twenty British coppers (1s.). This was the state of our money affairs just after the conquest of 1759-60. The value of the coins varied from time to time. The merchants of Quebec followed the values of Halifax currency (5 shillings = 1 dollar), and those of Montreal the values of New York currency (8s. = 1 dollar). In the early days of Ontario the latter was adopted and thus we get the term "York shilling," which was one-eighth of the dollar.

But greater even than the difficulty of determining what these coins were worth, was the scarcity of currency.

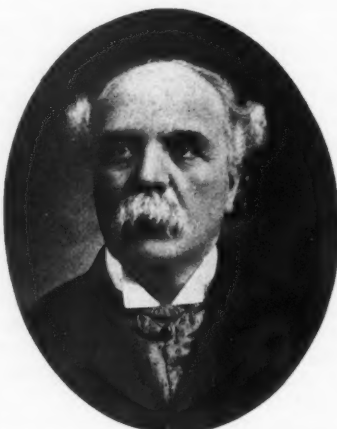
The rulers of the country vainly endeavoured to supply more. All sorts of ordinances were passed, and all kinds of remedies tried. For over fifty years the problem was most pressing.

During the war of 1812-1815, army bills—our first real paper currency—were issued and were generally accepted. The French Canadian, however, still preferred the French coins. After the war the army bills were gradually called in, and their place was taken by the bank notes which formed the beginning of our present paper money. Still it was a long time before the people of Quebec abandoned the French coins.

Some information concerning the first Canadian copper coinage will be found in Mr. McLachlan's valuable article in this issue.

It is by looking back at the unsatisfactory conditions of the past, at the time when Canada's circulation was based upon the Spanish dollar and the French livre, that we may learn to appreciate the excellent copper, silver and paper currency that we now possess. Today, a Canadian 25-cent piece has

the same value in Victoria as it has in Halifax. A five-dollar note issued by any one of our chartered banks has the same value in British Columbia as in Nova Scotia. When a man makes a contract to sell or buy merchandise anywhere in Canada, the dollar has the same value. Moreover, our excellent banking system provides us with all the money necessary to carry on trade and never gives us too little or too much. The ordinary citizen may look upon this as something not remarkable, but a brief study of the history of our currency will quickly



M. E. BERNIER, ESQ., M.P.—THE RECENTLY APPOINTED MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE FOR THE DOMINION.

convince him that his forefathers had difficulties which do not hamper the business man of to-day.* A stable national currency is as requisite to a country's prosperity as a stable national Government. Fortunately Canada has both.

One of the most entrancing occupations for the idle moments of the next

WHAT IS OUR POPULATION.

few months will be attempting to guess what the population of Canada will be according to the census to be tak-

en early next year. In order to provide some basis for this speculation, the following carefully collected figures are offered. They relate only to the cities. At first blush it may be thought that in all likelihood the urban population has grown more than the rural. This was the case in the previous decade, but there are reasons for believing that the figures to be issued soon

will tell a different tale. The old story may be true of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, but it is not likely to be true of Quebec, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. In Quebec the cities of Sherbrooke, Qué-

bec and Montreal show increases, but there are many towns which will show even greater increases. There are some towns and villages which were unknown at the last census, and the rural population is thought to be slightly more numerous, therefore the increases in the cities are but indicative of a general increase. The cities of Manitoba show large gains, but undoubtedly the rural population there will show a larger increase. The Territories have no cities, but the population there will be many times greater than in 1891. In British Columbia

there are many new towns and settlements which will show a greater gain in population than the two great cities of the Pacific coast. On the whole, therefore, the growth of city population should be a fair indication of the general increase in Canada's population between 1891 and 1901. However, what should be and what are often differ, and estimates based

on this information may be far astray of the fact. Here is the table:—

	1881.	1890.	1900.
Montreal.....	155,237	216,644	288,657
Toronto.....	96,196	187,716	212,560
Quebec.....	62,446	63,090	65,000
Hamilton.....	35,960	44,653	52,665
Ottawa.....	31,307	43,728	57,002
St. John.....	41,353	40,179	50,000
Halifax.....	36,100	38,556	45,000
London.....	26,266	30,705	38,902

*Three valuable articles on these early difficulties may be found in the journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association, April, July, and October, 1900. The author is Prof. Adam Shortt, of Queen's University.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER—WHOSE GOVERNMENT RETURNS FROM THE COUNTRY WITH ITS MAJORITY MAINTAINED AND ITS PRESTIGE INCREASED.

	1881.	1890.	1900.
Winnipeg.....	7,985	22,892	42,534
Kingston.....	14,091	18,169	18,168
Victoria.....	5,925	16,000	27,000
Vancouver.....		12,000	29,000
Brantford.....	9,616	14,280	16,215
Charlottetown..	11,485	11,374	12,000
Hull.....	6,890	10,900	12,000
Guelph.....	9,890	10,300	10,500
St. Thomas....	8,367	10,329	11,908
Windsor.....	6,561	10,528	12,129
Sherbrooke....	7,227	9,923	11,100
Belleville.....	9,516	10,128	10,513
Stratford.....	8,239	9,892	10,758
St. Catharines.	9,631	10,023	10,309
Chatham.....	2,873	9,000	10,000
Fredericton....	6,218	6,400	7,000
Brandon.....		3,500	5,388
	612,378	860,909	1,066,308

It will be seen that the increase in our city population, for the ten years 1890-1900, is just about twenty-five per cent. At this rate of increase the total population of Canada in 1901 would be 6,031,548, the figures of 1891 having been 4,833,239. This estimate may not meet with general approval, but it is given in order that Canadians may have some basis for their speculations



W. R. LANG, ESQ., D.SC.—THE NEW PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

on this subject. One thing is certain and gratifying: Canadian cities now contain over one million people.

The Roman Catholic population of the British Isles is only about two-thirds of what it was when the Queen began to reign, and certain Catholics* find in this a justification for the greater attention paid by the Curia to the Latin than to the Anglo-Saxon nations. In 1837, England, Ireland and Scotland had eight millions of Catholics in a total of twenty-five millions. To-day they number only five-and-a-half millions in a population of thirty-three millions. In 1837 they were a third; to-day they are hardly a sixth. In Ireland, the number has declined from five to three-and-a-half millions.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

In the colonies there are a large number of Catholics but not enough to make up the deficiency. There are 1,200,000 in India and Ceylon; one million in New Zealand and Australia, and two millions in Canada. The total number in the British Empire is thus only 9,700,000.

Similarly in the United States, the Roman Catholics number not more than twelve millions in a population of seventy millions. Out of the 223,000,000 Roman Catholics in the world, only about 22,000,000 belong to the English-speaking peoples and of these hardly more than half a million are of real Anglo-Saxon stock.

On the other hand, the Catholics of the German Empire have increased from eleven to fourteen millions since 1875, and there have been similar increases in Holland, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, France, Italy and Spain. In the British Empire alone has there been a steady decrease. C.

*Rev. Bryan J. Clinch in October *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE FLAG'S HISTORY.



BARLOW CUMBERLAND.

TOMr. Barlow Cumberland belongs the honour of gathering together, with the utmost industry and devotion to accuracy, all the facts connected with the flag of our Empire.* The theme is intrinsically so full of vivid interest and touches at so many points what is vital and glorious in our history that under Mr. Cumberland's deft and comprehensive treatment, it becomes a necessary part of our education, that is if we are concerned at all with the outward symbols of national growth. The second edition of his book has just appeared. It is, in some respects, practically a new work. At least one hundred pages have been added to the volume. Several chapters are entirely new, those for instance dealing with the proportions of the crosses on the flag and the Jack in the three ensigns, furnishing much valuable information entirely fresh to many readers. In the appendices is included the record of that remarkable celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, the singing of the National Anthem at the same hour throughout this world-encircling empire, a perfect exposition of the moral and material grandeur of which the flag is the expression. Mr. Cumberland has mastered the lore of the flag, and the result of his investiga-

* The History of the Union Jack. By Barlow Cumberland, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs.

tions is a tribute both to his talent and his patriotism.

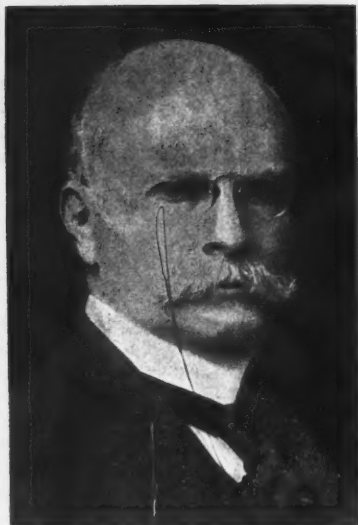
LORD ROSEBERY'S NAPOLEON.*

Lord Rosebery's work on Napoleon will fascinate, repel and stimulate reflection. He tells us that he wrote it to "lay a literary ghost," to fulfil a design which had long haunted him. The characterization of the man, with which he sums up, contains undoubtedly the author's best work. It is authoritative, sincere and eloquent. But when he is labouring with the various phases of Napoleon's last years at St. Helena, we cannot find that he excels, except in the industry shown in the mastery of materials. The censure unceasingly poured out upon England for its treatment of the deposed Emperor, for its refusal to recognize his rank and title, the petty discipline and crude espionage maintained at Longwood—even for allowing the residence

*Napoleon: the Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. London: Harper's.



KNOX MAGEE—A CANADIAN AUTHOR WHOS FIRST BOOK "WITH RING OF SHIELD" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.



JAMES LANE ALLEN—AUTHOR OF "THE KENTUCKY CARDINAL," "THE REIGN OF LAW," ETC.

to degenerate years after into a cow stable!—strikes us as unjust and impolitic. Napoleon was a great captain who "left a name at which the world grew pale," but it is unnecessary that we should approach his tomb on our knees. The English Ministers of 1815 had to deal with a condition. The experience of Elba faced them. It is impossible to be heroic and magnanimous when you have to imprison your enemy like a convicted criminal instead of killing him in fair fight. But there are necessities of state and this was one. There are many good things in Lord Rosebery's book. Here is one:

"Nations have silent, stubborn memories. The fires of Smithfield have left in England embers that still smoulder. Ireland has remembered much which it would be for her own happiness to forget. The Scots are still Jacobites at heart."

TWO BIOGRAPHIES.

That Francis Parkman was as interesting as one of his own books could scarcely be conceived unless we read the biography of him which Mr. Farn-

ham has just written.* In truth, Parkman had a strong character; he lived a self-denying life, and he devoted himself to a congenial object, the accomplishment of which demanded a continual sacrifice that few men would have had the persistent courage to make. Followed by almost unceasing ill-health, Parkman patiently and laboriously mastered the great mass of materials necessary to a full comprehension of the history of French Canada, and then put his soul into them. The series of scenes formed a real drama to him. He had the dramatic instinct. This, with his honesty as an investigator, accounts for the hold his histories have upon the reader. Here and there, as the active researches of equally untiring students go on, Parkman will be found to have erred. But, in the main, he will hold his place as the historian, *par excellence*, of early Canada. One may regret that a Canadian did not essay the task. It required, however, the special training, the private fortune, and the aloofness of the independent outsider, which Parkman luckily possessed. The biographer has gone carefully into the character of the man which explains much of his success. The book forms a necessary companion to the series of histories which are now part of the equipment of every real Canadian's library, and the publisher has certainly done his part with a taste and completeness which cannot be too highly appreciated.

Although it is as dangerous to interpose between the single-taxer and the object of his worship, as it is to intervene between a dog and its bone, we venture the opinion that without Henry George the theory of land taxation would lack all human interest, and its expositions be as sure a cure for insomnia as the publications of the Cobden Club. But the life and writings of Mr. George† lend animation to the dry facts of political economy and impart to the irritating conclusiveness of its

* A Life of Francis Parkman. By Charles Haight Farnham. Toronto: Morang & Co.

† The Life of Henry George. By Henry George, Jr. Toronto: The Poole Pub. Co.

arguments an air of sincerity and benevolence. His was a career worth studying, for if one disagrees with him as a thinker, one is sure to admire him as a man of character and public spirit. His biography, therefore, is both instructive and interesting and will capture readers beyond the pale of his professed disciples.

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

The book covers of 1900 have been remarkable for strength and beauty of design and execution. They point to the fact that the American continent is progressing in art appreciation. Nor have the text illustrations lagged behind, for artist and engraver have made much rapid progress.

"Wanted — A Matchmaker,"* by Paul Leicester Ford, has a handsome cover, some striking illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, and decorations by Margaret Armstrong. The story is unique, but the artists have more than kept pace with the writer. The combination of talents has produced a work which may be treasured by even the most fastidious.

"The Rockies of Canada"† is a work of similar richness. The cover and the illustrations are almost as magnificent as the previously mentioned volume. The matter in the book is of a different character and greater in knowledge-conveying power, for Walter Dwight Wilcox knows the Rockies both as an explorer and pleasure-seeker. Canada may well be proud of her glorious mountains, but no higher compliment has been paid them than the issue of this volume with its wealth of photogravures, half-tones and maps.

NEW NOVELS.

Perhaps Mr. Gilbert Parker may repent his threat to write no more books about French Canada. Certainly his

latest, and, as he says, his last, on this theme, shows no falling off in intensity and insight.* There are several tales in this volume which prove that the fame won by Mr. Parker as the foremost romance-writer of French Canadian stories is no fanciful supremacy. The chief piece, which gives a title to the book, is full of fire and poetic imagery. It shows, as so much of this author's work does, that he is able to depict French Quebec because he fully and sympathetically understands its people. Racine, the Seigneur of Pontiac, marries a village girl who becomes a great singer in Europe and who, on returning to her home, finds that her husband has become deformed and half-insane with melancholy and treasonable designs against English rule. She buries disappointment and repulsion, saves Racine from the consequences of his mad conduct, and when the will which deprives him of Pontiac turns up, it is she who staves off this last blow to the unfortunate man's pride and ambition. The tragedy, long deferred, occurs at length, bringing out in stronger hues than ever the self-sacrifice and nobility of character exhibited by this daughter of the *habitans*. We can confidently commend this book to Mr. Parker's admirers as containing work equal to his best.

*The Lane That Had No Turning. By Gilbert Parker, M.P. Toronto: Morang & Co.



GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 111 pp.

†New York: G. P. Putnam's Son. Cloth, gilt top, 309 pp.



IRVING BACHELLER, WHOSE "EBEN HOLDEN" HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL.

It is impossible to deny the reality of Mr. Barrie's humour and pathos.* There is great drollery in the translation of Sentimental Tommy into T. Sandys, author and idol of London drawing rooms. The author, no doubt, enjoys having fun with Tommy and his admirers and forgets the growing impatience of the commonplace reader with a hero whose selfishness and vanity are badly concealed under the euphemistic terms of self-abstraction and shallowness. Tommy is a most unsatisfactory fellow. He behaves badly to Grizel, a charming Scotch maiden with a loving heart (is there any other kind? in books), and in marrying her as some recompense for all the suffering he has caused her we cannot doubt that he feels himself particularly noble and virtuous. At this point Mr. Barrie

clearly recognizes that he must reconcile us to Tommy, and he proceeds to do so at a sacrifice which every tender heart must deplore. The short period during which Grizel's mind is affected and she has to be won back by devotion and sympathy to health and sanity is a wonderfully delicate and pathetic piece of work. As for the wicked lady of fashion, no one but Tommy could have been attracted to her for a moment.

If Anthony Hope's new novel* is not exactly in "his style," it is the result of a developing mind and a maturer judgment. Pay all the tributes you please to "The Castle of Zenda" and "Phroso," their popularity was due, clearly enough, not to their better qualities, but to the fascination which modern romance, vividly and skilfully told, has for the vulgar mind. But in "The King's Mirror" and "Quisanté" Mr. Hawkins has apparently entered upon a new phase of his literary career, and the result is to be welcomed. As a study of a modern politician, unscrupulous and base, "Quisanté" is a real contribution to the thought of the time. The drama is none the less strong and attractive because it is serious, and reflective. The marriage of Quisanté to Lady May Gaston, a good, but ambitious woman, who believes in him until respect and love are shattered by the man's own acts, provides the necessary contrast. The tragedy is very real, and it is evolved out of the requisite materials with a knowledge and an art which one might expect of Mr. Hawkins. Whether the book will secure the same class of admirers as the author's previous works is another matter. It certainly enhances his reputation.

There is something in the fruit of Dr. Mitchell's cultivated refinement and ripe knowledge which may, for want of a better term, be called al-

*Tommy and Grizel. By James M. Barrie. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

together charming.* Here we have a company of people talking on mind and art and all the frame-work of the land as probably no collection of persons, however bright and scholarly, ever talked. But it is an ideal atmosphere for which any man might long, and there is the subtle power of the story-writer sufficiently evident to keep us from wondering if they will never have done. Only a mind well-stored, a wit that grows not dull, and a keen student of human nature and social conditions could write a book of this kind. Only persons with some aspiration toward the same qualities can enjoy it.

There is something ominous in the announcement that a book has reached its "40th thousand,"—it may imply the problem-novel affected by the host of prigs and would-be prigs, or the melodrama loved of the vulgar. But the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"† can plead not guilty to both indictments. He has written an idyllic and delightful love story, in which, *mirabile dictu*, the humour is as sparkling as the sentiment is tender. Many conventional objections divide Peter Marchdale from the woman he adores, objections considered all-powerful in this modern world—rank, wealth, and, most poignant of all, a difference of faith. There is no river so deep that it may not be crossed if a man has the courage to try, but who will blame Peter for his long hesitation in approaching the beautiful Englishwoman who is the widow of an Italian Duke and the niece of a Cardinal? If the saintly and witty Cardinal, a rare combination, had not so conveniently lost his snuff-box and thus afforded the lover a chance of seeing the object of his devotion, it is clear that we should never have known how fate decides, in such cases, to make a man happy or send him away dejected, and, worse than all, we should never have had this story. That the book has reached its

* Dr. North and His Friends. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod.



I. ZANGWILL, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH," HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED IN THIS COUNTRY.

40th thousand is the least of its merits. Did Peter win the lovely duchessa? A woman will know at the second page; a man will read on doubtingly to the end. A man has so little penetration in what concerns him most.

I. Zangwill is a litterateur whose name is more familiar to Canadians than his books. His "Mantle of Elijah"* has just been published in this country and will make him better known. His Hebrew acuteness shows itself strongly in his critical work and his stories. In "The Mantle of Elijah" he deals with political topics, the craft of statesmanship, the power and responsibility of an Empire such as Great Britain, and the political struggles of the parties favouring one policy or another. The MS. was completed some two years ago, has recently been published in *Harper's* and only now appears in book form. This must be remembered in reading it, lest one might think that Mr. Zangwill had been plagiarizing the British history of the past fifteen months.

* The Mantle of Elijah. By Israel Zangwill. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

CAPTAIN William Wood of Quebec, who has contributed military articles to the Magazine, has issued a pamphlet entitled "The British Command of the Sea and What It Means to Canada." Those interested in the naval question will find it valuable, as the author is a well-informed and thoughtful writer.

"Among the Meadow People," by Clara Dillingham Pierson, contains stories of butterflies, crickets, frogs, katydids and their friends. While primarily intended for children it is founded on accurate knowledge. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated, cloth, 127 pp.)

The Publishers' Syndicate has during the present year come to the front among the Toronto publishing houses. Since opening their new premises at 7 and 9 King Street East they have increased both their stock and their list. Among their Christmas books are two new works by Esther Singleton, whose books of last year "Great Pictures" and "Turrets, Towers and Temples," met with so good a reception by the public. Her new books are "Wonders of Nature" and "Paris," both of which are charmingly bound and profusely illustrated in half-tones and contain interesting collective writings on the subjects indicated by their titles. Another volume of the same character is "The Wedding Day in Literature and Art," by C. F. Carter, which also is fully illustrated in half-tones taken from famous pictures. Both the boys and the girls are provided for by new books of special interest to them. For the former there are two really splendid works, "The Boys' Book of Inventions," by Ray Stannard Baker, and "The Boys' Book of Explorations," by Tudor Jenks. These books are fascinating and at the same time instructive, while both of them are illustrated with cuts and full-page half-tones of intense interest. For the girls there is

a new book, entitled "Three Little Maids." It is by Ethel Turner, who has made a name in England and Australia as the literary successor of Louisa Alcott. "Three Little Maids" is a delightful story, well illustrated and prettily bound, and will, without doubt, prove the most popular girls' book of the year. The Syndicate has also placed in stock a full line of Macdonald Oxley's famous boys' stories of adventure. The "Canadian Wild Life Calendar for 1901," just issued, though not a literary production, is nevertheless a work of genuine art, with its six fine half-tone engravings from original drawings by Arthur Heming and John Innes. To these must be added all the standard works of the day in fiction, history, education or science, making a catalogue of unusual merit and much interest.

One of the most interesting of the books on China is the volume ascribed to the Empire's greatest viceroy, inspired by the Emperor himself. "China's Only Hope" is an appeal to her citizens for a renaissance of Confucianism and the adoption of Western science and methods. The thinking men of China recognize that this is her great emergency and that something radical must be done to save the Empire. The book shows what her greatest thinkers desire to accomplish. The translation is by Samuel I. Woodbridge, a well-known missionary. (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.)

The career and work of the late Sir William Dawson will long remain a subject of interest. He was perhaps the most voluminous writer that this country has yet produced. In his recent monograph, Dr. Henry M. Ami, of Ottawa, enumerates in Sir William's Bibliography some 550 distinct titles. His writings fill more than 13,750 pages, octavo and quarto, of printed matter. This pamphlet contains also a vivid biographical appreciation of the

deceased scientist as Dr. Ami remembers him.

A new Canadian author has been discovered. Mrs. H. A. Keays, of Hamilton, Ont., has written a story entitled "Little Lords of Creation," which has been published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago. It is chiefly concerned with young mothers and young children, and is charmingly droll and humorous. Mrs. Keays will contribute a short story to the January MAGAZINE.

Winston Churchill's new book will have a wide circle of Canadian readers. It gives a detailed account of "Ian Hamilton's March" from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. In this general's column were the Royal Canadians under Col. Otter, and therefore this account chronicles all their important work, except Paardeberg. It is issued by The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

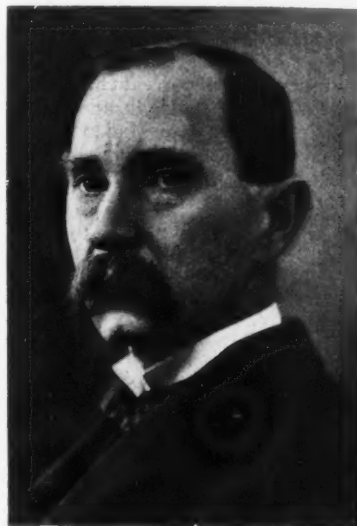
John Uri Lloyd is a new writer introduced to the American public through a serial in *The Bookman* entitled "Stringtown on the Pike." In it "nigger sense," or the power of divination possessed by some negroes, plays an important part. The Pike is a dusty road; Stringtown is a Kentucky village on that particular road; and the characters are mostly citizens of that village. The story is weird, the situations dramatic, and the book not at all ordinary. In some ways it resembles the work of James Lane Allen, but its philosophy is of a different order, being more supernatural and more homely. (Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.).

Miss Mickle's Calendar for 1901 is entitled "In Her Days," and is decidedly the best of her series. It is prefaced by a picture of the Queen, from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby, and each month is marked with a picture of some distinctive portion of the Empire. For example: May is distinguished by a picture of Quebec and a portrait of Lord Durham, while July has an Australian scene and a portrait of the venerable Sir Henry Parkes. In addition, some Empire event marks each day in the

year—365 events in *Her Days*. The colour work is a credit to the Toronto Lithographing Co. (Toronto: William Briggs).

"Mooswa," by W. A. Fraser, now running serially in this Magazine, has been published in book form by William Briggs. The cover design of the book is by J. S. Gordon, and the illustrations by Arthur Heming. This is a combination of three talented Canadians which should secure a brilliant success.

The Poole Publishing Co. have issued a third edition of Prof. Gregg's "Short History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," a thoroughly reliable and interesting volume. The same publishers have a low-priced life of Dwight L. Moody, by Rev. J. N. Hallock, D.D., with illustrations. They have been very successful with "Eben Holden," "Baldoon" and other novels published during the year. A portrait of the author of "Eben Holden" will be found elsewhere in this issue.



JOHN URI LLOYD, AUTHOR OF "STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE."



IDLE MOMENTS



SIR JOHN'S ONLY RACING BET.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, with all his gaiety, his abundance of animal spirits and his love of fun, never made a practice of betting on horse races. Once, in 1865, he departed from his usual custom. Along with Messrs. Cartier, Brown and Galt, he was in England discussing with the Imperial authorities the details of Confederation. It was the Derby month, and when the great day arrived an adjournment was made to allow everybody to go to Epsom. Mr. Russell of *The Times* drove the Canadians down, and gave the party a very merry time. A pool was made up at a guinea a draw. Mr. Galt drew Gladiateur, the favourite, while Mr. Macdonald drew the field. The others drew blanks.

"You are a lucky fellow," said Mr. Macdonald—he was not "Sir John" then—to Mr. Galt.

"I don't know about that," was the reply. "There are fourteen horses running, and it is a great chance if one of them does not come in ahead."

"Well," said Mr. Macdonald, "I will swop, and g've you a guinea to boot."

"Done," said Mr. Galt.

When Gladiateur passed the winning post, about the length of his nostrils ahead of the second horse, Sir John had won twenty guineas by his first bet on a horse race.

AN OLD CURLING STORY.

A Laird in Strathaven, Scotland, who owned a quarry, and was reported to be worth "a gey twa-three baubees" besides, was playing one day. His foreman, whose name was Lawrence, was playing with him on the same side. The laird was very anxious that the foreman should take a certain shot, and he cried out :

"Noo, Jock Lawrence, d'ye see whaur my broom is? Lay your stane doon there, and, as sure as death, I'll gie ye my dochter Jean if ye dae't."

Bir-r-r went the stone out of Jock's hand, and went trundling along to the very spot where the laird wished it.

"Capital, Jock, capital! Ye couldna hae dun't better, and ye can get Jean the morn if ye want her."

"Ye maun gie something else besides Jean, Laird; I hae gotten her already. We were married at Gretna Green sax weeks since, and we've aye been thinkin' aboot askin' your blessin' ever since, but somethin' aye cam' in the way."

The laird was dumbfounded when he heard the news, but he compromised matters by saying :

"Aweel, aweel, Jock, I'll let bygones be bygones. A man that can lay doon a pat-lid like that is worthy of the best and bonniest lass in Lanarkshire. Keep her, Jock, and if ye hae ony lad-die weans atween ye, bring them up in the fear o' the Lord, and be sure ye dinna neglect to mak' them a' guid curlers."

A PLANNED PROPOSAL.

"The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!"

Mr. Maurice Firm closed his volume of Coleridge with a decided snap. He had read this particular poem exactly ten times, and the stanza just quoted, much oftener. His mind was made up. He would consult his own dear Jennie Vieve, and if she would agree to a walk on the following evening, this dreadful suspense would be ended; the answer he had so long dreaded would be given—or perhaps another. And why not the other? The evenings were moonlight, and he could invent a

story about a daring knight and a winsome lady. True, in Hillside Grove there were no armed statues, such as Genevieve had leaned against—but there were maple trees innumerable. He could not recollect anything in the grove resembling a ruined tower, so that would have to be omitted. He did remember, however, a little knoll that ought to serve for the mount mentioned in the poem. But Coleridge had *sung* his story to Genevieve. That thought, when it struck Mr. Firm, caused him to wince a little, for he had never sounded a note correctly in his life. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that perhaps it was only poets, after all, who did such foolish things—sensible people like himself could *tell* a stirring love story.

The longer he dwelt on the subject the higher his hopes arose. A delightful picture of matrimonial bliss formed itself in his mind. In fact, he indulged in a day-dream. When at last he aroused himself from his reverie, his face wore a very happy expression. He would forever bless Coleridge for that one poem.

At that moment Miss Jennie Vieve was writing a few hurried words, which ran thus :

Dear Mr. Firm,—

Mother and I leave this afternoon for New York. We are called away very suddenly.

Yours, JENNIE VIEVE.

An hour later, when these words were read by Mr. Firm, the smile of happy complacency vanished from his face, and in its place there stole a look that very much resembled despair. The beautiful air-castle had fallen. In a dazed way he wondered why fate seemed always against him. That moonlight declaration! How almost heavenly it seemed now that it was an impossibility. And the story he had invented! Much more soul-stirring than the one to which Genevieve had listened.

These thoughts and many others flew quickly through his mind. Some-

thing must be done—at once. In fifteen minutes Jennie's train would leave. New York was so far away, and—

He reached his hat, mounted his wheel, and fairly flew over the mile of road that lay between him and the depot. The conductor's "all aboard" had been given. Jennie was already in her car. In a moment he was by her side. In another the train began to move. As its pace gradually quickened a pretty, blushing girl might have been seen nodding assent to a question asked her by a tall, excited, breathless young man.

Maurice Firm was happy, and somehow, Coleridge had been forgotten.

Annie Lang.

STORIES OF ROBERT BARR.

A British editor has been printing a "symposium" of the "favorite quotations" of distinguished literary men of the times. A part of this "feast of reason, flow of soul," was the following :—

"Robert Barr sends some lines that have before to-day stirred up the courage and 'grit' in the hearts of many a man who was beginning to think he saw nothing but 'Failure,' writ large, before him—

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph,
Held ye that fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."—Robert Browning.

"But Mr. Barr can never be serious in a letter, whatever he may be in his quotation. He has long been celebrated as one of the wittiest letter-writers of the day. However short his note may be, it is long enough to afford him an opening for some little touch of the 'humouresque.' In the present instances he writes : 'The above is my favourite quotation. Whenever you want something helpful, you know, look up the writings of the talented R.

B.'s—Robert Burns, Robert Browning, Robert Buchanan, Robert Bruce, or 'Robert Barr.'"

Another one of the practical jokes of the amiably irrepressible Robert Barr comes to light! It seems, says the editor of the *New York Bookman*, that the tower of the Court-House at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, has a big clock with four faces. This clock is normally sedate and well-behaved as becomes the very respectable city which it adorns; but one morning, a number of years ago, Wilkesbarre awoke to find that each of the faces was telling a different story and the bell a fifth story, for when the bell rang out the hour of three in the afternoon it was eight o'clock by the north face, two by the west, twelve by the east, and ten by the south. The four faces and the bell were brought into harmony, but the perpetrator of the peculiar atrocity remained undiscovered. A few weeks ago a Wilkesbarre young lady, in reading about the adventures of Jennie Baxter, pounced upon a rather remarkable inaccuracy. She discovered that Mr. Barr on one page gave his heroine light hair and on another attributed to her raven locks, and so she sat down straightway and wrote to Mr. Barr about the matter. Mr. Barr's reply, which we append, not only touches upon the colour of Jennie Baxter's hair, but it clears away the mystery which formerly surrounded the surprising behaviour of the Wilkesbarre City Hall clock.

HILLHEAD, WOLDINGHAM,
SURREY, ENGLAND

DEAR MISS:

Your letter has remained unanswered for some time, because I have been very busy trying to make up for time enjoyed for three months in America, when I did nothing but fool around the country in the snow. Why did I make Jennie Baxter have fair

hair on page 2, and black hair on page 145? I'm sure I don't know. Can't fair hair be dyed black? I thought it could. But then I don't believe Jennie would have dyed her hair, do you? It was all a mistake on my part, unnoticed when I read the proofs. It was a judgment on me for having put the clock wrong the last and only time I was in picturesque Wilkesbarre. I went up on the tower there (on the City Hall, isn't it?) and pushed the hands of the big clock so that all the faces gave different time and all wrong. I was never caught, but I was young and frivolous at the time, so retribution waited on me until now. I think that must be the true explanation.

Yours most sincerely,

ROBERT BARR.

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LADY "BOBS" AND HER TRUNKS.

That is a pretty story about Lady Roberts and her trunks, and men returning from South Africa vouch for its truth, says the *Westminster Gazette*. At the height of the transport difficulties, in the teeth of the officials, she carried eight large trunks from Cape Town to Bloemfontein. Everyone wondered, everyone murmured. No one but Lady Roberts could have got the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, the sick lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and half-clad. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein station things were said probably about the "plague of women."

But next day seven of the trunks were unpacked, and their contents distributed amongst the Tommies. The clever lady had snapped her fingers at red tape and smuggled comforts through to the men in this way. One small trunk contained her kit.

To the Twentieth Century.

I GRANT you there's a difference
 Since we smeared our skins with woad,
 Since we ate our gory victuals
 In our troglodyte abode ;
 But I don't admit, you Beldam,
 That you deserve an ode.

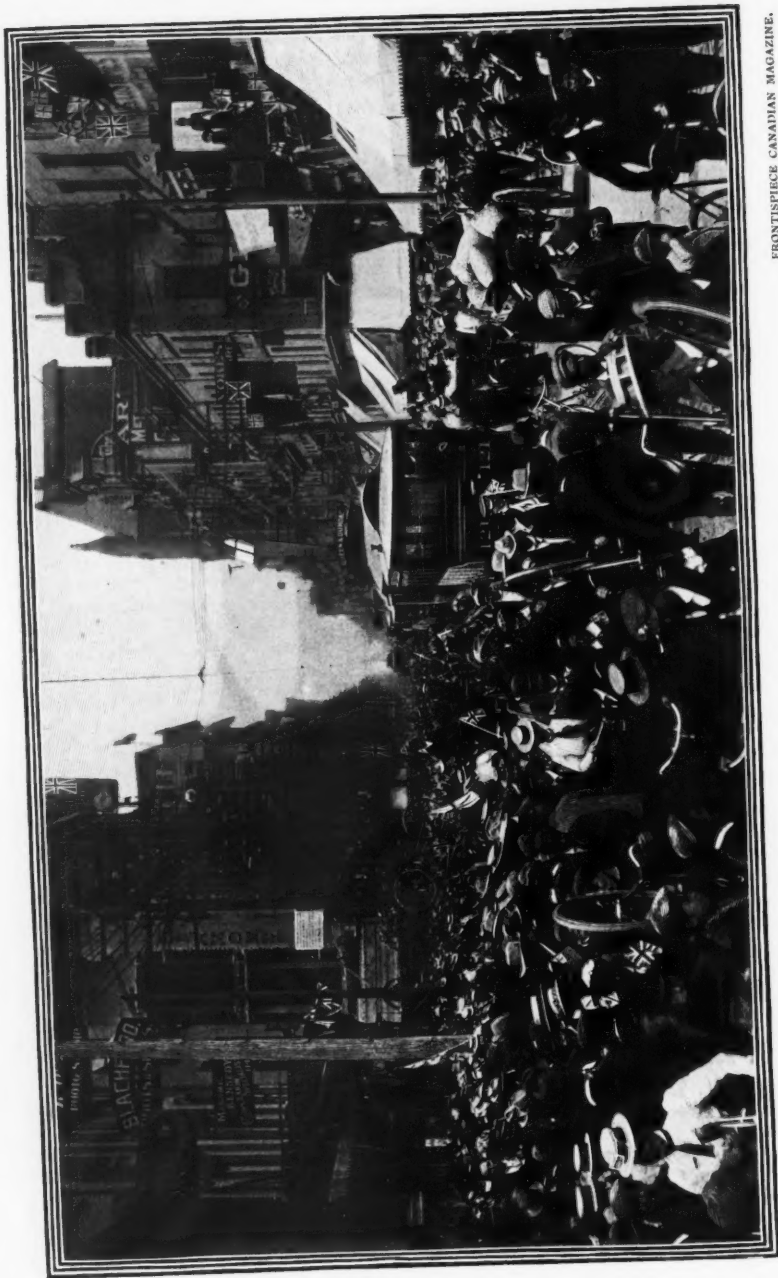
There'll be tinkling, strumming, buzzing
 From the poetasters' choir,
 And there'll be tuneful manikins
 Your future to admire ;
 But your praise were better uttered
 By a jewsharp than a lyre.

There'll be men upon their bellies
 To worship at your shrine,
 As though you were Diana,
 Chaste, beautiful, divine ;
 But I cannot see, you Dratchel,
 Why I should go on mine.

They prate about your destiny,
 They screech, they caterwaul,—
 The greatest, grandest, century
 Since Adam and The Fall ;
 But still you kiss The Serpent
 Who slavers over all.

You are a maiden century,
 But brazen, bad, and bold,
 And though you own to twenty
 You're a thousand of them old ;
 And you'll always smile, you Strumpet,
 On those who have the gold.

Franklin Gadsby.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH.

PRETORIA DAY IN TORONTO.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.